

THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE.

JUNE 1863.

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THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE.

JUNE 1863.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JACOB MORRISTON.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCES LITTLE JACOB AND OTHER PERSONS, MATTERS, AND THINGS OF
IMPORTANCE IN THIS HISTORY.

A CALM summer evening was just closing amidst the boisterous laughter of a group of children playing at "duck and drake" on a river which flowed by a country highway. The shining pebbles, carefully selected from amongst a wealth of boulders that lay along the river's side, skimmed, one after another, over the water, and the setting sun tinged the ripples they made until the river was spangled with golden hues that came and went with charming rapidity. A little distance down the river a mill wheel rolled steadily round amongst bubbling, turbulent waves. By the mill sat a boy watching the wooden-wheel's regular revolutions.

The town in the distance was Middleton-in-the-Water, a little manufacturing borough in the North Midland counties, and the destination of a somewhat eccentric looking female who stopped the child-sports to inquire where Mr. Alfred Morriston lived; whereupon two juveniles, beckoning him by the mill, said:

"Jacob Morriston, thee come and show this woman where thy feyther lives."

Jacob came forth accordingly, and the stranger, taking him by the hand, asked if he was Jacob Morriston.

"Yes," said Jacob, holding down his head and gazing intently at the lower part of the travel-stained dress of the questioner.

"Have you ever heard of your aunt Keziah who lives in London?"

"Yes," again briefly answered Jacob, venturing to lift up his eyes as high as his companion's waist, and examining the exterior of a quaint looking bag, fastened there by a faded piece of bonnet ribbon.

"Well I am your aunt Keziah, child," continued the strange female.

This time there was no reply from little Jacob; but his eyes (black eyes, which well matched his dark hair and olive complexion) wandered up to his companion's face, with a glance of eager curiosity; for little Jacob had heard wonderful stories of his aunt Keziah who lived in London.

Let us follow, and take further note of this singularly opposite pair, as memory pictures them, moving slowly along the dim and shadowy street that leads to the residence of Mr. Alfred Morriston, the father of our little friend Jacob, and the brother of aunt Keziah. The female is of middle age, with a large quantity of gray hair escaping, in jaunty curls, from a somewhat gaudy bonnet trimmed with ribbon of all colours. Over her shoulders she wears a curiously figured shawl and her dress, a brownish black, is variegated with dust, giving evidence of a long journey through highways and byways. From her waist hangs a velvet bag, drawn together by many rings and suspended by a faded ribbon. In one hand she carries a bouquet of poor faded flowers, gathered from fields and hedge-rows, and by the other she leads her somewhat unwilling and wondering companion, Jacob Morriston, a boy of about ten summers.

The establishment of Mr. Morriston, to which these two were journeying, stood in an old fashioned street some distance from the spot indicated in the first few lines of this chapter. It was not a magnificent place. It had the appearance of the residence and house of business of a tolerably well-to-do tradesman, whose sign would lead one to expect, in the proprietor, an ingenious and an industrious man. The board displayed over the shop, and between the sleeping room windows of the first story front of the red-brick house, ran as follows:

ALFRED MORRISTON,
PRINTER AND PUBLISHER,
GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT, ETC.

By the side of the shop door was a passage which led to Mr. Morriston's private door and to the kitchen above—and, further on, to the garden.

The garden! Pardon a few special words about that much loved spot. It was little Jacob's paradise, his Elysium, his oasis in the desert. Year by year it grew more hallowed in its associations, which increased and became annual like the green leaves and flowers that budded, and blossomed, and faded, and revived, and bloomed again with the ever-changing but never varying seasons. In one pet corner of the garden was Jacob's own little flower bed, where, each year, so long as he could remember, blossomed a sweet scented white violet set there by his brother the day before he died, and close by, was a seat his mother used to sit

upon, before she followed Jacob's dead brother and was laid in the great cold churchyard. One side of the garden was bordered by a high wall, which shut out a row of houses and served for the cultivation of wall trees that bore a variety of forbidden plums and peaches. On another side Jacob's paradise was hemmed in by an orchard, which, in its turn, was bordered by green fields fringed with the river that turned the owner's mill. On another side the sun, when it came to that quarter, was shut out by a factory—a great block of bricks, pierced with hundreds of windows, whence came a noise of whirling wheels, and bobbins, and the voices of girls singing at their work and making the hot stifling factory sound more like a fairy temple than a miserable unhealthy slave-house, as it was. Swallows made their little round nests under the factory window sills and went twittering through the orchard hard by. Black-birds sung their melodious songs in the fields; red-breasts and linnets trilled vocal chaunts in the apple trees; children's voices at children's play came over the wall from the row of houses; and the distant hum of the river wandered through the orchard with the scent of fields and flowers.

It was a paradise, indeed, that little garden where Jacob used to play in the sunshine and shake off his childish cares (for childhood has its cares, say what people may), and dream of angels and fairies, and wonder, perhaps, what he should do when he was a man, and whether his mother and brother would watch over him until he died like them, and went up into the bright blue sky.

The couple I pictured on their way towards Mr. Morriston's, entered the shop just as a very savoury smell was issuing from the snug parlour at the back. There came forth Alfred Morriston who rubbed his left ear, and uttered an exclamation of surprise at seeing our female friend; but it was hardly the exclamation of one who was as much pleased as he was astonished to see a visitor.

"What, you here—bless my life!" said Mr. Morriston: "well come in, you must be hungry;" and in went the trio and the supper soon disappeared. After that English meal aunt Keziah told her brother a long story of matrimonial infelicities; how her husband, a schoolmaster near London, ill-treated her; how he had had her confined in an asylum, and how she had escaped.

"But, good heavens! you don't mean to say, Keziah, that you are an escaped lunatic?" said Jacob's father, lighting his pipe and looking intently at a singing kettle, in anticipation of hot water for the grog which always succeeded supper—"you don't mean to say that I have the honour of entertaining, in my own sister, an escaped crazy woman?"

"Certainly not," said Keziah. "That I have escaped from an asylum is true enough; but I was put there by conspiracy, by a plot on the part of my infamous husband, in order that he might carry on, without obstruction, his abominable flirtation with that miserable Miss Goodwood, the schoolmistress of the girl's school. Did I ever exhibit signs of madness, Alfred? Was any member of the Morriston family ever crazy?"

"No, no—certainly not ; although, Keziah, you must admit you have been a bit flighty and eccentric at times."

"I do not admit it any further than this—that there have been occasions when my troubles may have made me do things a little strange. But madness, Alfred—to be confined in an asylum amidst raving lunatics—have I ever done anything to merit such a fate as that?"

"God forbid!" said Alfred Morriston ; "it is horrible. What a scoundrel that Gompson must be ! why your history would make quite a book, sister."

"Ah, a sad book it would be ; but I could tell a strange story indeed. My life in the asylum is a dreadful episode. I often wonder I did not go mad. I could easily see that, amongst the attendants, my very sanity was considered to be the mania under which I was labouring. My husband's ill-treatment, my troubles at home, my regrets that I could not undertake the charge of the girl's school—all this was considered to be part of my madness. And the wretched creatures with whom I had to associate ! Oh, it makes me shudder when I think of the worse perils that I may have escaped in leaving that prison-house behind me."

"There, there, drink—it will do you good," said the brother mixing a glass of grog and evidently becoming softened at the narration of aunt Keziah's story. "You may go to bed, Jacob," he continued, addressing the boy who had been a silent, but attentive listener. "There, good-night, good-night," said the father, shaking Jacob by the hand.

"Give your aunt a kiss," said Mrs. Gompson. Jacob complied and in return received a sort of patronizing brush on the cheek, that brought the tears into his eyes, as memory contrasted Mrs. Gompson's kiss with the loving kiss of his mother who had not been three months dead.

"And what do you propose to do now?" asked Mr. Morriston. The question took a great deal of answering. Mrs. Gompson really did not know, she said, unless she went into the work-house ; it did not much matter, she intimated, what became of her—better be in a work-house than in a mad-house—better be in a work-house than be a wandering outcast.

Mrs. Gompson knew very well this would have the desired effect ; before Mr. Morriston had finished his second pipe and his last glass of grog, the unhappy wife and sister received her appointment as house-keeper to her brother so long as she chose to remain with him in that capacity, and in defiance of all the agents of the mad-house who might claim her. There was little fear of the gentleman who had the greatest claim upon her obedience troubling her as long as she kept far enough away from Pentworth, where Mr. Gompson whipped knowledge into the sons of the poor for twopence and fourpence a week, in addition to certain subscriptions from a committee of charitable gentlemen.

Children have an intuitive sense of character. When Jacob went to bed he felt that he did not like his aunt Keziah. Not that she had done anything to create his dislike. Perhaps it was the loss of his mother that made itself all the more felt at the presence of a strange woman sitting in

the mother's vacated chair ; that made Jacob feel like a little wretched miserable fellow only fit to bury his head in the pillow and cry himself to sleep.

"Donnat cry, Jacob, donnat thee cry, lad ; thoult spoil thy pretty face," whispered a well known voice in his ear when his tears were flowing at their fastest. "Get thee to sleep, my boy—there's a good un ; Tom's goin' out with Cæsar in th' mornin' and I'll call thee early to go with him."

It was Susan who said this—kind hard-working Susan, who had lived with the late Mrs. Morriston in the double capacity of housemaid and nurse ever since Jacob could remember—a faithful loving creature, who had cried at his mother's funeral and sobbed with Jacob till he went to sleep on that fearful night when, for the first time, his mother was shut out—who had cheered him in the morning and loved him ever since with an undivided affection. Under the influence of her kind words and her fond kisses little Jacob soon forgot the vague sense of misfortunes which had agitated his little mind at the advent of his aunt Keziah. Forget ! Forget, did I say—I, the faithful chronicler of this history ? I can hardly say he forgot ; for during the night he was in endless troubles and difficulties. He fell off houses, was pushed off rocks, was glared at by idiots ; and the only face he saw distinctly, in his dreaming, was that of his newly arrived relative ; and in the morning the only words he could remember to have heard, in his nocturnal perils, were uttered by a mocking voice which said—

"Well, I am your aunt Keziah, child"

CHAPTER II.

LUDICROUS AND SERIOUS OCCURRENCES.

THOMAS TITSY, or Tom Titsy, or Tom Tit as he was not unfrequently called, in short for Titsy and in sarcastic allusion to his height, was Mr. Morriston's factotum ; cleaned the boots, swept the shop, cleaned the windows, and occasionally performed some of the mysterious duties of Printer's Devil. But he was not at all impish, let me say. Indeed I may almost avouch as much for the whole race of Printer's Devils, paradoxical as this may seem to some of my readers. Your Printer's Devil has really nothing of the infernal about him, either in respect of tail or colour. In extensive newspaper offices his chief occupation is fetching "copy" from the Editor, and running errands for every department of the establishment. Sometimes he is pugnacious ; he is generally a whistler. I knew one member of the tribe who broke his nose in honour of Tom Sayers. Having stuffed a bag full of shavings the little devil had inscribed thereon "Heenan," and in imitation of the British Champion he pummelled the sack most vigorously until (*not* in imitation

of Sayers), missing his footing, he fell on the edge of a printing machine, and disfigured himself so successfully that, had the poor little fellow not died a few months afterwards, he might have put in a claim to membership in the P. R.

But to turn to Tom who was a very different devil to the one I have just mentioned (how glibly we soon get to speak of those who are gone!) —Tom was a big, powerful, ungainly fellow, clad in fustian; with a broad open countenance, blue eyes, and hair something reddish—auburn according to his mother, a “nice brown” according to Susan’s notions of colour. Tom could do anything but set types, an achievement in which he considered himself impeded by the thickness of his fingers rather than the thickness of his head. His hand was certainly a large one, and his fingers did appear somewhat obtrusive and ungainly, despite the rapping they had had from the National School tutor, who was reckoned a first rate educationalist both in the way of fagging and flogging.

Tom was the owner of a dog, a fine noble looking fellow, something between a mastiff and a Newfoundland, which was constantly bringing him into trouble through its particularly reckless character. The animal had come into Tom’s possession as a legacy from a Frenchman (originally a prisoner of war on his parole at Middleton) who had lodged with Tom’s mother and had died in Tom’s mother’s house. Caesar was the dog’s original name; but Tom thought Siezeum “more English like” and more sensible and, from the death of his master, Siezeum the dog was called by Thomas Titsy his new and proud proprietor. And the title was not an inappropriate one; for the dog had, in his time, been guilty of many acts of “Siezeum” and was always accounted dangerous, on killing days, in the neighbourhood of a butcher’s shop.

It was the society of this couple, Tom and his dog, that Susan had spoken of to Jacob when she promised to call him early in the morning, and for which Jacob rose, with Susan’s bidding, at sight of the earliest sunbeams that fell on the diamond shaped panes of his bed-room window. In the midst of dressing Jacob was eagerly anticipating the run in the fields; the picking of mushrooms, wet with dew; the finding of birds’ nests; the jumping of Caesar into the river, and a hundred other things incidental to these morning excursions. Stimulated by the deep-mouthed bark of Caesar beneath the window, and Tom’s scarcely less deep mouthed “Lie down with’e dog,” Jacob was rapidly finishing his toilette, when into the room marched aunt Keziah, who had evidently been aroused by Jacob’s companions.

“What are you going to do with that boy, Susan?” asked aunt Keziah, smoothing her apron and looking very cool, and evidently determined that her new duties as the female head of the household should begin as early as possible. She had hinted to Mr. Morriston, on the previous night, that his son required a good deal of care and attention.

“Why he’s going out with Tom, for a run, mum, before breakfast,” said Susan buttoning the last button of Jacob’s coat.

"A run before breakfast," said Mrs. Gompson with marked emphasis and smiling with high disdain upon Susan. "A run before breakfast—I should think it probable, young woman, that you are likely to have a run *after* breakfast yourself some fine morning if this is to continue—endangering the boy's health by pulling him from his bed and sending him out for a *run before breakfast*. Undress the boy, undress him immediately, madam," said aunt Keziah waxing warmer and warmer as she drew towards the termination of her sarcastic mandate.

It is a singular fact that amongst women of the lower and often of the middle class nothing is more offensive than to be denominated "madam" or "woman," especially if the "epithet" is accompanied by a disdainful toss of the head, a performance in which Mrs. Gompson was an adept.

"Madam! Don't madam me, mum, I'm not used to it; I was never used to it and never will get used to it," said Susan, getting very red in the face; "Jacob has always gone out in a mornin' before."

"Don't answer me, you impertinent hussy—put that boy into bed again," screamed Mrs. Gompson, making a dash at Jacob which he dexterously avoided by darting behind Susan, who was sobbing and choking herself with vexation and lack of words.

Now the window of the room, in which this altercation took place, looked out upon what was called the back kitchen, a low-roofed part of the house, which Tom, hearing the high words, had ascended in a state of alarm, wondering what all the noise could be about, in his ignorance of the advent of Mrs. Gompson, the newly appointed housekeeper to his master, Mr. Alfred Morriston. Cæsar had followed Tom, of course, and in his anxiety to render any assistance that might be necessary, Tom had forgotten to exercise the smallest control over the movements of his dog, which just as aunt Keziah dashed towards her nephew made a similar movement towards aunt Keziah, and coming at a bound through the open window laid prostrate that unhappy matron, Mrs. Gompson. Horrified and alarmed Tom came head foremost after his dog, bringing with him a dressing-table and looking glass; and shouting frantically, all the time, "Seizeum! Seizeum! come off, come off!"—which, though to ordinary ears it might sound like a strange jumble of commands, was thoroughly understood by the dog for which Tom's orders were intended.

Mr. Morriston arrived upon the scene in time to complete the grand tableaux, and after hearing a narration of the whole story, and having an assurance that Mrs. Gompson was not hurt, he made a desperate effort not to laugh out, but not succeeding he left the room "roaring." Taking his cue from his master, Tom began to laugh; then Susan tittered, Jacob next caught the infection, and Seizeum enjoyed the fun in his own way, chiefly exhibiting his delight by barking at Mrs. Gompson, who, picking up a bundle of false curls, marched from the scene of her disaster, with every possible matronly mark of offended dignity.

Upon the departure of aunt Keziah, Tom intimated that he could

"hold no longer," and Susan expressed a most decisive opinion as to the probability of her "bursting" on the spot. Ha, ha, ha! The room fairly shook with Tom's laughter, and at the risk of breaking his neck he felt it incumbent upon him to roll out on the tiles, as a precautionary measure for preventing his sides from splitting. Susan stamped her feet and held her sides, and held her sides and stamped her feet again; and screamed and laughed, and screamed and wiped her eyes, and held her sides again until she was exhausted, and had to throw herself upon the bed for fear of falling to pieces. All this time the dog barked, jumped in and out of the window, ran to Tom, who was lying in the yard beating the ground with his feet, darted off the tiles and ran to Susan, administered sundry wet salutes to Jacob, and finally rolled down the roof to Tom in the company of a collection of sympathizing tiles.

Henceforth, enmity seemed to be established between Mrs. Gompson and the household in general. For the special behoof of little Jacob, she devised all manner of schemes of domestic economy, such as limitations of sugar, and additional supplies of fat at dinner, all of which she persuaded Mr. Morriston was for Jacob's welfare, seasoned with hints that had his brother been similarly treated he would have been alive now. Sent to bed early, carefully prevented from associating with vulgar companions, made to be regular in his attendance at the day-school and to pore over tasks in the evening, Jacob's health and education were so rigidly cared for that the boy was often driven to the very verge of madness. He soon began to think he was in everybody's way, a plague to those at home, a torment to himself, and a thoroughly worthless piece of humanity that could be of no good either in the present or the future. And yet there would come up the conviction that he was not judged aright, that he had capabilities and feelings which, had he dared to exhibit them, must have commanded approbation. But he was so cowed that he often appeared to act more like a cunning sneak than an honest lad.

All this preyed upon little Jacob's mind to such an extent, that, by and bye, there came a dark and gloomy day in his career, which cast a shadow upon his boyish life, and seemed to make him prematurely old. Ever since school had closed, he had for a slight offence been shut in his room with some bread and water, and a command to go to bed. The birds were singing in the garden, which was shut out from his view by a building in the yard, that had to be passed ere the garden wicket was reached. Jacob could just hear the music of the factory and the voices of boys and girls at play. His heart told him he had done no wrong, and there arose within him a burning sense of the injustice which he had received. Only six months had elapsed since his mother died, and twelve months prior to that he had a companion in his brother. Now he seemed cut off from all he loved. Susan dared not come near him, and he had been denied the society of Tom and his dog. Even his father had grown cold to him, and said he was a bad, ungrateful boy. One moment the

suffering boy longed to cling to his father's neck and pour out his overflowing soul; another moment dark thoughts agitated the little mind, and then he would fall a-moaning as the weight of the loss he had sustained in the death of his mother became more and more oppressive. At length his troubles seemed to him to grow and grow until they filled the room and threatened to stifle him. Who says childhood has no troubles? The sorrows of boyhood, though they appear unimportant to the grown-up man, are bitter as the great ones which tear the heart in maturity.

Jacob had heard of people drowning themselves in their troubles. The distant murmur of the river mingled distinctly with the soft evening breeze. To Jacob it seemed to whisper an invitation. "Come to me and be at rest," the river sung in a sad yet beautiful melody: "come, come where the sedges are green, and the willow droops over the pebbles." Under the influence of some fearful spell, Jacob climbed through the window, descended into the yard, walked quickly on through the garden, kissed his mother's seat, kissed the leaves of his brother's violet, and went on through the orchard straight for the mill-dam. "Come, come and be at rest, come and be at rest with those who love you." The water sung the words as plainly as possible to Jacob's disordered imagination. It was as if some unseen influence was abroad, and impelled him onwards to the river.

The sudden exercise and the refreshing evening air, no doubt, chased away some of the fever-burning of his brain; for Jacob became calmer and more subdued when he reached the banks of the river, but it was that kind of calmness which is far more dangerous than excitement. The miller was smoking his pipe near the spot to which Jacob's disordered mind had directed him. Still, his determination was unshaken; the fear of returning home now made it doubly strong, and he sat down to wait until the miller should go home. Jacob looked into the clear, deep river, and saw the gradually darkening clouds sailing along the blue expanse of sky, like ships in a calm, bright sea; and he thought of angels who would welcome him there, and of a mother who would fold him in her arms, and save him from persecution.

It is doing the memory of Jacob's mother no wrong in imagining that her spirit was abroad on that memorable evening. If those we love in life can revisit us, in spirit, after death, Jacob's mother was with her unhappy son whilst he gazed into the deep, mysterious river, growing more solemn in its marvellous beauty as the sun gradually declined, and the sky became more and more overshadowed with gathering clouds. In a little while Jacob grew calmer still, and a deep, fervent prayer escaped his lips, and lightened his overburdened heart. Oh, how little do we think of the hot, burning thoughts, of the strong emotions and feelings which may agitate the mind of a mere child. Jacob was eloquent in his distress, and if ever prayer was acceptable to Him whose special providence is extended to the smallest creeping thing, that simple prayer of

childhood, uttered as the sun shot its last rays on the river, was not unheeded. Suddenly the boy thought he would return home, and as that ray of repentance entered his soul, his good angel led him away, but he staggered through the fields, and went on his road as one bewildered.

Jacob reached his room in safety (he had not been missed) and sought his bed. The sun set, and the stars shone after it had departed to awaken slumberers in other lands, and then the moon rose and paled the twinkling stars; but sleep came not to Jacob, who needed it so much. Hour after hour he heard the iron tongue of the old church clock proclaim the flight of time, whilst the solitary watchman paced the street, until the sun returned from its far-off journeying, and early workmen and factory girls clattered over the pavements to their machines, their half-built houses, their coal-mines, their cotton looms, and their net-mending. At last all these sounds died away, and Jacob Morriston became unconscious.

CHAPTER III.

TREATS OF THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE TITSYS; OF THEIR PHILOSOPHIC LODGER; BRIEFLY INTRODUCES OTHER PERSONAGES; AND ALLUDES TO THE CRITICAL POSITION OF LITTLE JACOB.

MRS. TITSY, the mother of the hopeful Tom, lived with her son, in an alley near the old church, let lodgings, and took in plain sewing. It was a quaint little house, looking something like a message which, unexpectedly dropped from the clouds, had forcibly thrown itself for protection upon a stable and coach-house, against which it still leaned for support. The house was thatched and was entered by a descent of stone steps leading to the "house-place;" which, in its turn, led to a kitchen and some mysterious bed-rooms, somewhere in the thatch, where a family of pigeons also boarded and lodged.

The pigeons were Tom's pets and comprised pouters, fantails, short-faced tumblers, and a variety of other descriptions down to the more common-place Barbary runts. None of the tribe had been brought up in the bird fancier's, or, more properly speaking, the bird dealer's cage, as you see them in St. Giles's in London, or in the back streets of the "Fancy" in most large cities. They had not been through the ordeal of shop life in company with clever bull-finches, canaries, "love birds," and loquacious parrots, which from day to day spread out their tails and make shambling attempts to fly or roll themselves up into balls of feathers; whilst long-eared rabbits rub their noses against iron bars and munch limp green stuff. Tom was a trainer of birds, and a dealer in birds, and seldom left the little thatched cottage without his coat pockets full of pigeons which he would release at intervals on his way to work,

some on tumbling expeditions, and some on mercurial flights bearing hieroglyphical *billets*.

The house-place of Mrs. Titsy's residence was comfortably, though not elegantly, furnished. There was a delf shelf shining with blue willow pattern plates and green and coppery-gilt cups and saucers ; a deal dresser white as snow ; a somewhat rickety and dwarf-like linen press ; a round oak table, with half moon shaped wings ; an over-grown arm-chair so full of feathers that they had grown rebellious and burst through two corners of the chintz covering ; a bright old oak corner cupboard ; a high mantel shelf, bearing a pair of very smart figures illustrative of the loves of a green and white shepherd and a blue and white shepherdess ; two chalk apples, and a false representation of a ripe pear ; with sundry other small items surmounted on the wall by a representation, in vivid colours, of Napoleon crossing the Alps. On a pair of wide brackets over the dresser was displayed an exceedingly fine tea tray, upon which a very yellow lion was crouching at the feet of a radiant lady who flourished over her head an unusually large toasting fork, and looked toasting forks and daggers too at a white cloud which seemed to threaten instant destruction to a ship sailing on a blue and gold sea. Besides the picture of Napoleon, the walls were decorated with a representation of a murderer who was hung at the county town ; a landscape excessively green and blue ; and the effigies of Tom and his mother, cut out in black paper and framed in black frames.

The Eve of this little paradise was Mrs. Titsy, a blooming widow who, with the assistance of a small annuity, eked out a tolerably comfortable existence by taking in plain sewing, and boarding and lodging one Horatio Johnson, a gentleman of somewhat eccentric habits, and the manufacturer and retailer of the celebrated Oriental Herbal Pill warranted to cure the most obstinate disease, wherever might be the seat of the disorder, whoever might be the sufferer, and whatever the state of the malady. Mr. Johnson did nothing by halves. His cures were complete, out and out, unmistakable cures—resuscitations of pale faced, dying mortals, into strong, robust, red faced, fat, jovial specimens of health—or else they died off at once. But none who had given the pill a fair trial had been known to die. Thousands of testimonials from old and young fully vouched for the fact. These records of the infallibility of the Oriental remedy enabled Horatio Johnson (Dr. Johnson as he was often called by his patients) to travel from village to village, from market town to market town, selling sixpenny boxes of the same ; and to stand at his own stall in the market place of Middleton-in-the-Water, and to smoke his pipe comfortably on Sundays under the vine and fig tree, or, without metaphor, in the cozy chimney corner of Mrs. Dorothy Titsy, widow.

Dr. Horatio Johnson was moistening his clay as was his wont, one Sunday evening, some years ago, as the parish bells were ringing for church. Mrs. Titsy had just gone out in a shot-silk dress, a bluish bonnet and gloves, and a very blue and gold prayer book (a present “from

her dootiful son"); for she liked gay colours did Mrs. Dorothy Titsy, having passed through the sombre ordeal of weeds for what she considered a reasonable period, and having abolished as a stupid prejudice that distinctive mark of widowhood, the widow's cap. Moreover, old Titsy used to get drunk and do something more than abuse her with his coarse and cursing tongue, always giving Tom what he would tell him with a disgusting leer was Pug's allowance—"more kicks than ha'pence." Therefore Mr. Titsy's death had been looked upon as a happy release, though he was mourned with real sorrow for many months by his widow. But she was of too happy a disposition, and her husband's character was too worthless, for this to continue; in truth the roses were not long in coming back again to Mrs. Titsy's rubicund face. And having for several years wrapped herself in the clouds and weeds of widowhood Mrs. Titsy thought herself fully entitled to don the rainbow. And she did it.

Well, the rainbow had just dawned upon the gaping street, and Tom and the philosophic lodger were left alone—Tom studiously contemplating the ceiling, and the Doctor endeavouring to test the capacity of his lungs and the quality of his tobacco by blowing forth a long-drawn out volume of smoke, and watching it disperse.

"I tell you what it is, Tom," said the doctor, after making a very long wreath of smoke, which evidently gave him great satisfaction: "if your respected master, or governor, or whatever other title you may recognize him by—if that influential individual would only listen to the words of prudence; for all her paths are pleasantness and the ways of life are uncertain—if your master made prudence his guide, he would, as my circulates admirably express it, 'save doctors' fees and try the Oriental remedy.'"

"Na, doant joke about it, dunnat, Mester Johnson, 'cos he's really very bad, poor little chap," said Tom.

"If a man deceive thee once it is his fault, if he deceive thee a second time it is thine own," was Mr. Johnson's reply. "Read the testimonials from all classes of suffering humanity and be on your guard against spurious imitations—*moniti meliora sequamur*, as it is writ down in Virgil. It is all the Latin I know, and it cost me several nights to commit it to memory, Tom, and, being translated, it means, 'Being admonished, let us follow better things.' I find it an admirable and telling conclusion to my perorations, and it bothers my hearers and sounds learned—*Moniti meliora sequamur*."

The doctor was rushing on into one of the speeches which he was in the habit of addressing to his clients who thronged round him in the market-place, and was waving his hand majestically, when, as if suddenly bethinking himself that this was not the way to impress Tom, he gave "a long pull and a strong pull" at his pipe, and blew such a long, rolling cloud towards Tom, that Mr. Morriston's factotum looked like the warriors in peep-shows, who are perpetually thrusting forth long armed arms or plumed heads out of clouds of smoke which never clear away, and behind which the battle is supposed to be raging with intense fury.

"If I thout you really meant what you say, I'd get mother to see if she couldn't get your Horiental a trial; I would indeed. Na, donnat deceive me, tell me t' reight-down truth; I'll believe you if you say you really mean what you say."

"Nothing that is true can ever die, saith the philosopher," began the doctor. "Now, in a certain sense he's right, and in a certain sense he's wrong," continued Horatio, looking hard at a smoke ring which was coming to grief against the green and white shepherd. "I am true Tom, and yet I shall die; thou art true, Tom, and thou wilt die. Still the maxim is good, and hath my approval. Now, truth as embodied in the Oriental will never die, and the Oriental is undoubtedly a cure for those whose time has not arrived. The chances are ten to one that Master Jacob, being young, his time is not yet come, and that if the doctors would let him alone and give nature a chance, nature would perform a cure. Nature! Blessed nature! When I think of thee I feel my soul swell with poesy. I care not, Fortune, what thou dost deny, thou canst not rob me of the bright, blue sky. Nature has poison, Nature has antidotes. The Oriental is the secret antidote for wind in the stomach, spasms, giddiness, disturbed sleep, palpitation of the heart, colic, jaundice, gout, dropsy, sore throat, palsy, scurvy, eruptions of the skin, and as the Immortal Bard himself puts it, 'all the other ills that flesh is heir to.' He said something else" (continued Horatio, growing much excited, rising to his feet and waving his pipe) "did that mighty poet—he said something else, my friends. What did he say? What did the great and glorious Shakespeare say? He said—'Throw physic to the dogs,' at the same time intimating that he would have none of it. That physic, my friends and fellow-countrymen—that physic was the draughts, and powders, and potions, and nauseous mixtures with which the faculty purge, and torture, and kill you. The discovery of the Oriental remedy, the extracts of the choicest herbs given to man, was not discovered in Shakespeare's time, or William—I call him William because I love him, I am always familiar with those I love and admire—if it had been discovered when he wrote, 'Throw physic to the dogs,' he would have added, 'and take Johnson's celebrated Oriental Pill, only sixpence a box, or six boxes for half-a-crown.' Let prudence and reason be your guide, my friends, listen to the words of wisdom and be your own doctors—*Moniti meliora sequamur.*"

There is no knowing whether the doctor had really finished his speech or not—but the chances are that he had, judging from his arrival at the Latin—when he was interrupted by a visitor. The doctor had unconsciously glided into a professional oration, and had so warmed with his subject, that, in the fruitfulness of his imagination, he had turned the little room into a market-place, and the chairs, and tables, and pots, and pans, and pictures, and Tom, into a great crowd, with ears only for the eloquence, and throats only for the pills of Horatio Johnson. Tom had long since subsided into a dreamy reverie upon the greatness of the spicy,

lady on the tea-tray, and the wildness of the lion at her feet, and a sort of rustic wonder at the doctor's "gift of the gab," as the Middletonians called Mr. Johnson's powers of oratory.

The oration was terminated by a knock at the door, succeeded by the entrance of two visitors; one a good-natured looking young man of some thirty-years of age, dressed in the attire of a well-to-do farmer, and the other a young man in sombre clothes, and with a serious and somewhat constrained expression of countenance. The former, I may tell my readers at once, was Silas Collinson, a respectable farmer, who owned a pleasantly situated and comfortable freehold on the outskirts of Middleton, and the other, Julius Jennings, the confidential assistant of Mr. Alfred Morriston. Silas, it was thought, had serious intentions with regard to Susan Stimson (Jacob's greatest friend), and had become acquainted with Mr. Jennings by being a constant customer at Mr. Morriston's establishment.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said Mr. Johnson, extending a hand to each.

"How do," said Tom, moodily.

"I thought you always went to chapel a-Sundays, Mr. Jennings," said the doctor.

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Jennings, in a shrill tone of voice, "I think I have not missed this twelvemonths before, but Silas wanted to have a stroll so badly that I consented for once; though, really, I feel uncomfortable."

"I suppose you thought Susan would have dropped in to see Mrs. Titsy," said the doctor, addressing Silas, who laughed and confessed that he thought it just possible.

"Well, we have not seen her to-day, and Mrs. Titsy is gone to church; but if you'll just sit down awhile and smoke the fragrant weed, we shall be glad of your company, shall we not?" continued Horatio, turning to Tom, who quietly nodded assent.

Perhaps you'll be dipping into your Oriental business a bit, eh, doctor, for practice like, and main't want company?" said Silas, jocularly.

"Now, don't be personal," said the doctor, good-humouredly, "if you will not stay, say so, and we'll give you our blessing, and you may depart."

"Then, thank you, we will not," said Silas, and the two took their departure, leaving their remembrances for Mrs. Titsy, Silas whispering his kind regards in the ear of the doctor for Susan, if she should call.

"A thorough good couple that, Tom," said the doctor, as the door closed on Messrs Collinson and Jennings.

"They'll do," said Tom.

"Oh, I know where the shoe pinches, my friend," was the doctor's reply.

"Well, doctor, th' shoe as pinches most just now is along of Master Jacob being so bad," said Tom, whereupon Mr. Johnson made several

smoke rings in succession, and the cooing of a stray pigeon reminded Tom that his feathered family should have been in bed long since. He therefore went to the door and released a fantail which he had pocketed, in an abstract mood, two hours previously, and subsided once more into a melancholy thoughtfulness which it seemed beyond his power to shake off. Indeed, when his mother returned from church, duly impressed with the sermon and the clergyman's wife's bonnet, and when the supper was prepared, and Horatio Johnson faced buxom Mrs. Titsy, and stuck his fork into a cold joint of beef, Tom was engaged in the deep contemplation of a small group of flies which had taken up their lodgings for the night round a bacon hook in the ceiling. And even when he was sufficiently roused to draw his chair to the table, Tom took butter to his beef instead of mustard, and when he wanted bread, gravely asked for "a little Oriental, muther, please." It was only when Cæsar started up from under the stairs, wagged his tail, and rushed to the door where Susan Stimson was just entering, that Tom shook off what his mother called the mulligrubs, and seemed himself again.

"Well, Susan, my lass," said Tom, getting up and shaking her warmly by the hand, "glad to see thee, and how is th' little mester?"

"Better Tom, a bit better, thank thee," replied Susan, throwing herself into a chair, and heaving a deep sigh, indicative of the heat of the weather and the walk up hill.

"Tak yer things off a bit, lass," said Tom's mother, "and cum to th' table."

"Partake of our frugal meal, Miss Stimson. Frugality is the daughter of Prudence. This beef was the offspring of a well-bred animal, the fat is so nicely streaked with the lean, and the bread, Mrs. Titsy, is such as the children of Israel could not get in the wilderness," remarked the loquacious doctor.

"I don't know the person you speak on," said Susan.

"To what person do you allude, Miss Stimson," said Mr. Johnson, disposing of a delicious bit of the streaky lean he had spoken of, smothered in some pungent horse-radish sauce, for which Mrs. Titsy was famous.

"The daughter of somebody you mentioned a bit since."

"Ha! ha! Good. That's one to you. But there has been a visitor here, with whom, I believe, you are acquainted—one Silas Collinson; eh? And he's a son of Prudence, and one of the jolliest and best-hearted of her children I know."

"Never mind the doctor's nonsense, Susan; cum to the table and have some supper," said Mrs. Titsy, looking very hard at the doctor.

"Ah, do, there's a good lass," urged Tom.

Susan did as she was desired to do, and never did a more comfortable little party sit down together. After supper, the doctor returned to his pipe, and tumblers and hot water were brought forth, and the doctor had a glass of steaming grog, and Mrs. Titsy had a glass, and Tom had a glass,

as was the custom on Sunday evenings, but Susan could not be prevailed upon to have one. She would only just have a sip, and at Tom's suggestion she consented to sip out of his glass, which seemed to make Tom very happy indeed—as happy as a great gentleman might feel at any act of condescension from a great lady for whom he might have the highest possible admiration. Tom was continually passing his glass, but Susan only wetted her lips, and Tom only sipped himself that Susan might wet her lips all the oftener.

At last all the liquor was gone, and Susan, just as she was about to go likewise, remembered that she had a message for Mrs. Titsy, which came from Mr. Morriston, and was to the effect that Mrs. Titsy was to be good enough to call down on the morrow. Then Tom must see Susan home, to which Susan would not for a long time consent, saying she could go very well alone, and should soon get back; but finally a compromise was effected, and Tom was to see her “just to the bottom of the street.” The doctor smiled as they left the house, and Mrs. Titsy smiled at the doctor as who should say, “we are not blind.”

In less than half an hour both Tom and Susan returned. Mrs. Titsy was wanted immediately—“little Jacob was dying.”

(To be continued.)

TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETIES.

BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

A PERSON of temperate habits will, usually, when he has taken a moderate quantity of wine or other such liquor, have no wish for more ; and indeed would rather dislike it ; even as he would to go on eating after he had taken a sufficient meal. But, on the other hand, those who have been led into intemperate habits, will often be of the opposite constitution to this, and find their craving for strong drink rather increased by even the smallest indulgence. So that they find it harder to abstain from excess after they have taken a small quantity, than to abstain altogether. A person who is thus afflicted with a malady which has been called *Dipsomania*, will certainly do well to form a resolution of total abstinence, which is in fact taking an easier mode of affecting an important object, instead of the more difficult one of moderation.

And again if any one, although himself of temperate habits, finds that some member of his household is prone to commit excess, he will perhaps do well to exclude strong liquors from his house altogether.

But it does not follow that any one should feel himself bound, in duty to his neighbours and to his fellow creatures generally, to pledge himself to total abstinence.

Many persons contract imprudent marriages when they have no reasonable prospect of having means to support a wife and family. It is quite right to warn all persons against such rashness ; but it does not follow that a person in easy circumstances is bound to make a vow of celibacy. It may fairly be said that by doing nothing imprudent, he is setting an example of prudence. And, in like manner, it may be said that every one who lives temperately is setting an example of temperance.

It is sometimes urged, however, that a man's pledging himself to total abstinence, though such a pledge is not needed for himself, may be the only means of inducing others to take such a pledge as for them is needful. But this is, in fact, supposing them to say, although we are aware that intemperance is sinful, and destructive of respectability, health, and comfort, still these motives are not sufficient to induce us to abstain from it, unless you will join us in taking a pledge ; we will not perform our own known duty, unless you will impose upon yourself a kind of artificial duty of human invention.

Now this surely is anything but reasonable. Some, however, will say that we ought to submit even to what is unreasonable, out of tenderness for weak brethren. But it may be doubted whether this is not urging them to what is right in itself, on wrong grounds. It would be better

to say to them, I, as well as you, belong already to a temperance-society not of man's forming ; and it is also a *Veracity* society, and an *Honesty* society, and a *Peace* society, and a *Purity* society. Every member of the Christian Church is already pledged to renounce the devil and *all* his works, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world. And a person who sets himself to perform his duty, in conformity with the divine will, is less likely to evade the spirit of a command while observing the letter of it, than one who is submitting himself to some arbitrary regulation of human invention. How prone men are to seek such evasions when acting under a precise rule, rather than on a principle, is a matter of common experience. Those whose Church requires them to abstain from flesh meat on certain days, often seek to mitigate the severity of the restriction both by unbounded indulgence on other days, and by dressing a great variety of fish in the most delicate manner on the fast days. And the Mahometans, who are rigidly prohibited the use of fermented liquors, are well known to indemnify themselves for this restriction, by the use of opium, intoxicating hemp, and other such drugs ; and there is reason to fear that a large proportion of those who have taken the temperance-pledge have addicted themselves to the use of opium ; thus exchanging one great evil for a greater.

There are some, however, who urge that the example of any man, living in good health without the use of fermented liquors, proves at least that these are not necessary for health. It proves certainly that they are not necessary for *his* health ; but it does not prove that all constitutions are alike, and that what is unnecessary, or noxious to one, may not be salutary to another. There are some, for instance, who are not at all liable to catching cold, and can expose themselves to a wetting with impunity : but this does not prove that all others can safely do so. So that the alleged example is after all inconclusive, as an example.

As for those who endeavour to enlist Scripture on their side, by maintaining that the wine mentioned in Scripture was not an intoxicating liquor, they must either be themselves very ignorant and silly if they really believe it, or must be fostering a pious fraud in the hope of deducing the simple into what is right, under false pretences. And pious frauds almost always do more harm than good to the cause for which they are employed.

On the whole then, it is best, that all men should be exhorted to perform each his own duty, in the mode which is most suitable for each, in consideration of his own peculiar circumstances, without requiring others, whose situation may be different, to combine with him in a self-formed community whose rules may be suitable for him, and not for them.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE AND ITS INFLUENCES.

BY HERBERT GRAHAM.

"Men do not want books to make them think lightly of vice, as if life were a vulgar joke."—GEORGE ELIOT.

It has been said that the character of a nation is reflected by its literature; and the saying is without doubt a true one. The influence which literature exercises over the minds and manners of the people is very great, although at first sight scarcely perceptible. With noiseless tread it works for good or evil. Scarcely a single sheet that is issued from the press, but plays upon the feelings and passions of at least a few individuals, and plants the seed which in time will germinate into the blossom-laden tree, or assists in the development of the already springing plant, whose seed will in the future also take root as acorns that fall from the twisted oak. The quantity of the fruit may be great or small, and its quality good or bad, but scarcely ever is the tree altogether barren and unfruitful.

When literature seeks to elevate and refine, it is productive of moral and social greatness; when it panders to low and corrupt tastes, like pitch it defiles and is productive of moral and social depravity. Both of these extremes are exemplified in the history of our own literature, as well as that of other nations. The time has been when the popular literature of this country was of the most corrupt description, and such as we imagine could not and would not now be tolerated. Men of the greatest intellect and the brightest genius, as well as men of the opposite extreme, alike assisted in creating a taste for a literature of the most debasing kind. Every effort of genius and wit was expended in decking profligacy in the brightest and most charming colours, with the avowed object of holding the mirror up to nature, that

"detested sins,

The cloak of night being plucked from off their backs,"

might

"Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves."

But though such was the *expressed* object of this literature it is easy to perceive that there is on the part of the writers an almost unhidden scorn of virtue in every shape, and a gloating over vice and profligacy. "When we glance into the popular works of that time, it is almost shocking to see to what a low estimation female virtue had fallen. That chivalrous feeling, that moral purity, that high-toned delicacy, which are so character-

istic of the great old English writers, however much they might indulge themselves in freer expressions than would now be tolerated, appear altogether to have vanished from the literature of the latter part of the seventeenth century. Spenser and Shakespeare were but little studied; no writer was imbued with their spirit; the Elizabethan age was not much admired for its literature, although it was highly praised for its political glory. French literature was in the highest esteem, and our authors seemed in danger of forgetting their nationality in their enthusiastic admiration of the poets and critics who were singing the praises of Louis the Fourteenth. The French writers were generally decent, but decency was the only quality which their English admirers refused to imitate." Can we wonder, then, that the pollution spread into the very heart of society, and that the age was profligate in the widest signification of the term?

"The effects of this literature pervaded every rank of society; the women would scarcely recognize young men of virtuous natures and sober habits, while their sweetest smiles and most endearing blandishments were bestowed on known rakes and dissolute men about town. "It is now scarcely credible that it was the custom of women who thought themselves virtuous and modest, to go in masks to witness the first representation of a drama, before its flaming indecencies could be generally known; after which, of course, even in that age, they could not show themselves in the theatre."

Such was the state of literature and morality in the latter part of the seventeenth, and during the early years of the last century. Perhaps it may be attributed to the low rate of remuneration given to authors, and consequently to a necessity on their part and that of their publishers to consult the public taste. The authors of our day may bless their stars that they live in a time when their work is appreciated and well paid for. Things have indeed changed for the better since Dr. Johnson with difficulty procured £60 for his friend Oliver Goldsmith's ever charming novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield." The ghost of poor Oliver would open wide its eyes in astonishment could it see the many times £60 which authors now-a-days receive for "sensation" stories, at their best weak and frivolous in comparison with "the Vicar." Long after the novels which are now so popular have been lost in oblivion, and the memory of the brain and hand that gave them to the world has faded in the mists of the past, "the Vicar" will be read, re-read, and read again, and the remembrance of the simple kindly soul that conceived it will be cherished with the warmest affection.

The high rate of remuneration now given to authors has doubtless been the cause of bringing before the world some who have added lustre to the age and adorned the literature of their time. But it has also, without doubt, been the means of causing others to rush into type whose offspring have, perhaps deservedly, fallen still-born from the press. The age is literary in the fullest sense of the word. Everybody has his or her morning paper and almost everybody has his or her favourite magazine,

from the aristocratic monthly to the halfpenny sheet which chronicles the loves of Angelina Henrietta Madeline and the Honourable Captain Fitzgommeril. Turn where we will there is literature—we are surrounded with it. We take up the morning paper and as we glance over its damp pages we find column after column of criticisms of the latest books, and sometimes whole pages of advertisements of other works in the press nearly ready for publication. A queer question suggests itself to us: Does *every* book that is published find a dozen purchasers, or a dozen readers? We know not, and only the authors and publishers can tell.

Every variety of literature is represented in the pages of the many periodicals which are now, week after week, and month after month, issued from the press. If the age be an ignorant one it certainly cannot be for want of a periodical literature. The only wonder is how all the periodicals now in existence, are supported. But that they are paying speculations for their proprietors is evident, or they would not be continued; and being sold, we must presume they are read. To what, then, does all this reading tend? What influences is it likely to exert over the minds and manners of the people? Is it productive of great good or of great evil? for both are within its power.

The average standard of current literature is at present such, that I believe it to have on the whole a high moralizing tendency. That its study will be productive of superior mental refinement, I am convinced. The system of periodical literature, so much in vogue, appears to me to increase the likelihood of its being beneficial. The leading literary productions of our time, in most cases, appear before the public in a periodical form. Before they can do so they have to undergo a severe editorial investigation; and as the periodicals which pretend to any high literary repute are conducted by men well known in the world of letters, such men will guard their own honour and reputation and refuse insertion to any works having the slightest tinge of immorality in their composition. Having passed the editorial scrutiny and been deemed worthy of insertion they have next to undergo the criticism of the little world among whom the periodical circulates, and the press, when everything of an injurious nature is certain to be most mercilessly exposed and denounced. The reception which such works receive in the course of their periodical publication will be almost certain to influence respectable publishers in their reproduction in ordinary form. If rejected by respectable publishers but produced by others of unscrupulous character, their influence for evil is to a great extent destroyed; the names of the authors and publishers being looked upon by the public as guaranteeing the character of the work. If the author be unknown, then the publisher alone is looked upon by the public as warranting the book; and if the publisher is a man known to be unscrupulous in his transactions, the work will be unheeded by persons pretending to an elevated and refined literary taste. Neglected by them it must either die a natural death, or be supported by a class whose moral susceptibilities are not so easily injured.

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from the aristocratic monthly to the halfpenny sheet which chronicles the loves of Angelina Henrietta Madeline and the Honourable Captain Fitzgomeril. Turn where we will there is literature—we are surrounded with it. We take up the morning paper and as we glance over its damp pages we find column after column of criticisms of the latest books, and sometimes whole pages of advertisements of other works in the press nearly ready for publication. A queer question suggests itself to us: Does *every* book that is published find a dozen purchasers, or a dozen readers? We know not, and only the authors and publishers can tell.

Every variety of literature is represented in the pages of the many periodicals which are now, week after week, and month after month, issued from the press. If the age be an ignorant one it certainly cannot be for want of a periodical literature. The only wonder is how all the periodicals now in existence, are supported. But that they are paying speculations for their proprietors is evident, or they would not be continued; and being sold, we must presume they are read. To what, then, does all this reading tend? What influences is it likely to exert over the minds and manners of the people? Is it productive of great good or of great evil? for both are within its power.

The average standard of current literature is at present such, that I believe it to have on the whole a high moralizing tendency. That its study will be productive of superior mental refinement, I am convinced. The system of periodical literature, so much in vogue, appears to me to increase the likelihood of its being beneficial. The leading literary productions of our time, in most cases, appear before the public in a periodical form. Before they can do so they have to undergo a severe editorial investigation; and as the periodicals which pretend to any high literary repute are conducted by men well known in the world of letters, such men will guard their own honour and reputation and refuse insertion to any works having the slightest tinge of immorality in their composition. Having passed the editorial scrutiny and been deemed worthy of insertion they have next to undergo the criticism of the little world among whom the periodical circulates, and the press, when everything of an injurious nature is certain to be most mercilessly exposed and denounced. The reception which such works receive in the course of their periodical publication will be almost certain to influence respectable publishers in their reproduction in ordinary form. If rejected by respectable publishers but produced by others of unscrupulous character, their influence for evil is to a great extent destroyed; the names of the authors and publishers being looked upon by the public as guaranteeing the character of the work. If the author be unknown, then the publisher alone is looked upon by the public as warranting the book; and if the publisher is a man known to be unscrupulous in his transactions, the work will be unheeded by persons pretending to an elevated and refined literary taste. Neglected by them it must either die a natural death, or be supported by a class whose moral susceptibilities are not so easily injured.

The author's good name is lost and never more will his productions be looked upon other than with aversion and contempt by those whose good opinion brings to the author a realization of his brightest dreams—fame. If his works seek to lower and not to elevate the moral character, pandering to depraved tastes, and stimulating the evil passions, the author becomes an outcast and a vagabond from his own tribe; he loses self-respect, his dreams of a bright future fade away; and if he do not outlive his own reputation, it is only his reputation for evil that remains, while the little good which in his time he may have done is "interred with his bones." It is a gloomy prospect to look upon, and it is not one which any man of elevated susceptibilities and high mental refinement, as authors of repute must in most cases be, will attempt to make for himself.

Periodical literature, besides being productive of a high literary taste, is also beneficial in its diffusion of knowledge. As I have already said, every branch of literature is represented in the pages of the current periodicals—Science, Art, History, Biography, Poetry, Fiction. Each number of the high class periodicals contains articles on many various subjects. Unless sectarian in its object, a periodical should, and the current periodicals do, treat of almost every subject of importance to which the popular attention is directed in the course of affairs; and information is diffused on these various subjects, information which in most cases can be relied upon as safe and trustworthy, for it is the interest alike of the editor and publisher to have their articles written by men whose occupations and pursuits are of a nature to fit them for giving trustworthy opinions on such subjects. The mysteries of the scientific world are treated of by men whose studies have rendered them capable of popularizing, and leading others to take an interest in, and in many cases to study, what otherwise would have been to them dark as night. This also elevates the taste and refines the mind.

But there are various grades in periodical literature as in everything else. In what I have already said, I have been referring chiefly to the high class periodicals. Gradually descending in the scale we find the same results to a more modified extent. The highest minds with literary inclinations will ever seek to commune with kindred spirits, and these they will find in the higher ranks of periodical literature. But to less elevated minds such language would be scarcely intelligible; they must therefore seek companionship in lower spheres; but as the mind begins to expand and yearn for higher things, they too will seek for more extended intercourse with the productions of great intellects. The elevating process will be, and in most cases is, gradual; but it appears to me that there is, and ever must be, either a gradual rise or a gradual fall—that there never can be a perfect stand-still. The literature of our time is suited for almost every degree of mental refinement, from that of the man who never has a thought beyond his daily round of the humblest toil, to the man who is ever soaring upwards and seeking to penetrate the

most hidden secrets of Deity. To him whose converse is with men of great intellect, the literature of the lowly will appear frivolous and trashy, perhaps immoral; but, on the other hand, if you place the production of a "master-mind" in the hands of a street scavenger whose interest is aroused in the development of the "plot" of "Wilhelmina; or the Blighted One"—such production would to him be totally unintelligible, for the reason that it is quite unsuited to the character of his mind. He would not exchange "Wilhelmina" for a hundred of the other. If we mean to form an opinion of the literature familiar to the denizens of the courts and alleys of the city, we must not judge of that literature by the standard of our own tastes, we must bend down and assimilate ourselves with those for whom it is written and by whom it is appreciated. Such literature may seem to us, from our own stand-point, to be tinged with immorality, to pander to low and corrupt tastes, and therefore to have a demoralizing tendency, while in reality it is not so, but the contrary. What would be considered immoral by the pure and refined, is not so among the rough and unpolished of society. It is altogether a mistake for men of genius and brilliant attainments to depreciate the literature of their social inferiors because it does not reach their own standard, and it would be equally a mistake were such inferiors to express a depreciatory opinion of the higher class of literature which is unsuited for them.

If then, we mean to form an opinion and express a judgment of the good or evil influences which the literature of the lower classes exerts, we must first descend to their level and view it from that stand-point. Looked upon with their eyes and judged by their judgments, a favourable opinion is the result. That this lower literature is productive of good among the classes for whom it is written I firmly believe. For the time it lifts them to a certain extent above their own sphere. It tends to take away selfish feelings and to elevate them at least a little. The works of fiction which they read, when critically examined and tested by a higher and more severe test, may appear very weak and in many cases absurdly ridiculous, but when the proper test is applied a different result is obtained. In the same way, when testing the strength of a chain, you must not apply *any* power to it. If you apply a higher testing power than that for which the links were formed, the chain will break; but you would not therefore say that the chain was bad. Its strength must be tried by a test suited to the nature of the link of which it is formed—a strong test must not be applied to a weak chain.

It may be very true that the standard of the literature perused by the lower classes of society is a very low one, and that some means ought to be taken to elevate that standard and refine the taste of such classes. All honour to those who have made and who may yet make the attempt to promote a purer and a better literature among them. The attempts which have been made hitherto have been to a very great extent successful; and few will grudge this success, for a higher and purer literature will

diffuse more and better information among the people, and give a more lofty and refined tone to those over whom its influence extends.

The demand for periodical literature has reached to such an extent that the question naturally arises : Will the great and constantly increasing demand result in hasty and careless writing, having a baneful influence ? The question is an important one, and at first sight we are inclined to adopt the opinion that the demand will soon exceed the supply, and that an inferior kind of literature will be the result, which will depreciate the public taste and so have a demoralizing tendency. A careful consideration of the question, however, leads to a different result. The consequence of the ever increasing demand for periodical literature will be that the greatest writers of the age will give their productions to the public in that form in preference to any other. Again, men of talent and genius, who are still unknown to fame, will be induced to offer contributions to periodicals when they would otherwise be afraid to venture before the public ; and of men the number is not a few, whose confidence in their own powers is not such as to induce them to run the risk involved in the publication of a book ; for "a book is a serious venture—apt to transform a dream of fame into a deep humiliation and a heavy loss : but periodicalism provides a vast, and so to speak, ready-made audience, and makes the reward certain and immediate of him who addresses it with power and effect."

There are other men who, though unable of themselves to write a book—and who would never think of making the attempt—are still able to write a brilliant and attractive article. For these men also periodicalism opens a path.

The "Division of Labour" requisite for the carrying on of a periodical is another advantage gained for meeting the demand. A volume is not the production of one but of many ; the work of a number of men for comparatively a few hours each will furnish a volume of the most fascinating kind and suited for almost every class of readers ; because it is not confined to one subject but treats of subjects in almost every department of literature, and all of them in a masterly style, the articles furnished by each contributor being in the general case upon subjects with which he is familiar. On the other hand, the production of a volume by one man is often the labour of years, and it is doubtless often the case that men capable of diffusing useful information and enlightening us in matters of very great importance, refrain from spreading the knowledge which they possess rather than incur the great labour of preparing a volume for publication. But, by periodicalism, such knowledge may be given to the world in such portions and at such times as may suit their own convenience, and with the further advantage of taking away the risk which the author of a volume must always incur.

To the success which has attended the establishment of a cheap periodical literature may without doubt be attributed another system of publication which is now becoming more common, viz., joint authorship,

by which a number of authors furnish articles, which are arranged by an editor, and published as one volume. It differs from periodical literature in this that it is not of a serial nature—the whole comprising only one or two volumes.

There is one portion of our current literature upon which the strongest animadversions are not out of place. I refer to that class of fiction which has been termed "sensational." It panders to an exceedingly low taste, a *tasté* for the horrible. It never can be productive of any good. The incidents are generally of an unnatural kind—such as never happen in the ordinary course of life. The passions are aroused by strange impossibilities; a desire for something strange and more impossible is created; and the taste for a literature of a pure nature, and having a beneficial tendency, is corrupted: for if the incidents be such as occur in the course of things, they are generally such as should never be trifled with, but seriously regretted and banished from our thoughts, unless when their consideration is a necessity. The "plot" is generally mixed up with murders, robberies, bigamies, etc., the mystery attending which is explainable in a chapter or two; but the attention of his readers having been once attracted, the author, by some half-clever clap-trap, manages to keep up the interest, letting out little by little of his plot until the reader is carried through the third volume, in the last chapter of which the mystery is explained. After the three volumes are done you rise from them with what feelings? Only an increased morbid curiosity which desires to be nourished on sensational stimulants. You are no better and no wiser—and it is doubtful if you are as good and as wise—than you were before you began their perusal. It is the exception when such novels are possessed of any literary attractions. Take away the plot—a couple of chapters, or so—and what remains? Absolutely nothing, unless nearly three volumes of good paper spoiled. Does any man of intelligence keep them in his library? Does he ever refer to them or read them a second time? And how many sentences do the three volumes contain worthy of quotation? The answers to these questions are anything but favourable to the character of the books. Is it so with the great novelists of the past and those of the present? Not so. We can read and re-read such novels as were penned by Scott, Goldsmith, Charlotte Brontë, Aytoun, Thackeray, Bulwer Lytton, Dickens, George Eliot, and Anthony Trollope, and every time we read them we rise with a better appreciation of them than before. Alas! for fiction, if the sensational school continues.

On the whole, however, the English literature of the present day is better and purer than it ever was before. There is, and ever will be, a few black sheep among the flock, but their influence for evil will be more and more diminished by the advancement and promotion of a healthy, high-class literature, and by the same means the public and private virtues of the people will be increased and their vices lessened.

CLÉMENCE ISAURE, OR THE FLORAL GAMES OF TOULOUSE.

IN attempting to retrace what is known of Clémence Isaure's life, we are led to give some account of the institution to which her name is chiefly attached. There has been for several centuries in Toulouse, a society formed for the encouragement of letters; this society, under various names, and with some alterations in its statutes, has withstood the destructive effects of time and political agitations. It has, however, suffered at intervals, and had to be re-modelled at two distinct periods; but it never ceased to exist, and, founded in 1323, at the present time it keeps its annual festivities in all their pristine splendour. But we must see it at its birth. In the fourteenth century, seven minstrels, called in the South of France troubadours, formed an association, called the "Gay Science," to keep up and improve the beautiful *Langue Romane*, and encourage its poetical use. They accordingly offered a prize for the best poem in that tongue. A gold violet was awarded in the month of May, to the most successful poet, in a garden of the suburbs. The season of the year, the place of meeting, the prize itself, contributed to procure the festivity the name of "The Floral Games" (*Jeux Floreaux*); and when the number of prizes was increased, it was by the addition of other gold or silver flowers. The Violet was for an *Ode*, the Wild Rose for a *Danse*, and the Marygold for a *Pastoral*. The institution of the Gay Science published the poetical rules and regulations to which they expected the competitors to conform, and these rules they sent wherever the *Langue Romane* was spoken. John, King of Arragon, thus became desirous of a similar institution in his dominions. He sent an embassy to Charles VI. of France to demand the assistance of some Languedocian poets. This request was granted, and an Institution formed at Barcelona, which was likewise imitated at Tortosa. From the end of the fourteenth century to the lifetime of Clémence Isaure, the institution in Toulouse suffered a gradual decline. The silver flowers which had been added to the prizes were reduced to a very slender value, and even the *Violet*, designated at first *Fleur Souveraine*, was no longer in gold, but in silver. The dread of a siege by the English about the middle of the fourteenth century had induced the destruction of the suburb where the meetings used to take place, which were then transferred from the shade of a laurel tree in the garden to the interior of the "Capitole."

At this we hear of Clémence Isaure—born about 1450. Her father was himself a notable man of letters; an *Ode* of his, is still extant.

Clémence's taste was thus early developed. She became attached to a young warrior who found an untimely end in the field of honour.

Clémence remained true to her blighted love, rejected every subsequent proposal and devoting the rest of her life to the Muses, she gave vent to her sorrow in several poems. Considering the revival of the Floral Games as the best means of employing her talents and fortune, she restored the flowers to their proper value, assisted at the distribution of them on several occasions, and at her death, bequeathed to the town property to a large amount with strict orders to maintain the institution she thus took under her protection. Her will expressed the desire that the Magistrates should forfeit the legacy, if they did not observe the injunction of celebrating the Floral Games and scattering roses on her tomb on the anniversary of her death. The whole income of her legacy was to be employed. What remains after the purchase of the flowers, and their accompanying expenses, was to supply a feast for the members of the institution and of the magistrates. Her remains were deposited in the Church of the Daurade, covered by a marble figure, and an inscription containing her will. At a later period, her statue was transferred to the society's private place of meeting. It was a recumbent sepulchral figure; the hands joined, enclosing a Rosary; a lion was at her feet. It was altered for its new destination; the arms re-made so as to hold the prize flowers, and the lion cut off. In the course of time, some abuses crept into the administration of the legacy. What was intended to be a secondary consideration became the chief object, and a profusely supplied banquet absorbed the greater part of the revenues. Divisions took place between the *Capitouls* (Toulouse magistrates were so called) and the members of the society for precedence of rights. All this caused a disorganization which it required a royal charter to settle. Louis XIV. granted it in 1694; constituted the society into an Academy; fixed the sum of 1400 livres for its expenses; maintained the violet, and the two other prizes as they were then, silver flowers; and added a superior one, a gold amaranthus. A silver lily was eventually added by a private donation. The Revolution of 1793 checked and interrupted, of course for a time, the celebration of such games. The turmoil of Revolutions ill become the study of literature; and poetical effusions are only free in times of peace. However, the interruption was as short as possible, and the meetings were resumed in 1809, as they are continued at the present day. On the 3d of May a public meeting takes place in the *Salles des Illustres*, a hall of the Capitole deriving its name from the busts of all the Toulousan celebrities which decorate its walls. After the delivery of a discourse which recalls Clémence Isaure more or less directly, and is called her panegyric, a deputation is sent to the church where she lies. The prize flowers, exhibited on the high altar since morning, are delivered into their hands by the priests; after a blessing they are then brought processionally, taking care to traverse on the way the street which bears her name. Meanwhile a report has been read to a crowded audience of

fashion and beauty, which always throngs these meetings, on such pieces of prose or verse as deserve notice, though not entitled to prizes. Afterwards the authors to whom the flowers have been awarded, read their own productions, or if absent, a member of the Academy supplies their place. Clémence Isaure still presides over the games, for her name is ever present. A wreath of roses solemnly placed on her statue, and the flowers taken from the sanctuary where her mortal remains are interred, leave an impression on the successful competitor, that it is she who confers the gift.

TO JUNE.

BY S. H. BRADBURY (QUALLON).

MONTH of roses ! come again,
Month whose smiles the flowerets stain ;
In the valley, on the hill,
By the lightly rushing rill ;
'Mong the clover and wild briar,
Dewdrops throw like gems of fire !

Month of beauty ! come once more,
'Tween green leaves thy sunshine pour ;
Cowslips now have left the wold,—
Floral trumpets tipped with gold ;
Ope the rose-buds on the bush,
Down where babbling brooklets gush !

Month of splendour ! gild the plain,
Fling thy radiance down the lane ;
Let thy zephyrs in the dells,
Lightly ring the young blue-bells ;
Every morn their petals toss,
On the banks of thyme and moss !

Month of pleasure ! and blue skies,
Let us feel thy southern sighs ;
Lustrous artist of the flowers,
Fairy weaver of bright hours ;
Beauty's goddess ! come again,
Meadows sprinkle with thy rain !

WOMAN IN DAILY LIFE: OR SHADOWS ON EVERY HILL-SIDE.

BY MRS. HARRIET M. CAREY.

(Continued from Page 56.)

CHAPTER XV.

TEMPTATION.

“ Oh had we never, never met ;
Or could this heart e'en now forget
How linked, how blest we might have been,
Had fate not frowned so dark between ! ”

MOORE.

JULIA paused not to reflect : hastily seizing a bit of paper, she wrote in pencil on it, “ I will come,” and despatched it by her maid to be given to the messenger. All day she was feverish—her nerves too unstrung for thought or reason ; no prayer for guidance ascended from her heart ; no heavenly lamp was trimmed by her trembling hand, to shed its light upon her bewildered path ; her heart throbbed alone with passion, with impulse. And Ned, if within his soul there whispered the still small voice of warning, he drove it back—refused to listen to it—called up Julia's wrongs and Julia's sorrows, and tried to fancy he was her Heaven appointed avenger and liberator. Oh ! Ned, pause yet awhile ; the angel that fanned your childish brow with so many a breath of heavenly grace, in answer to your childish prayer—that angel sits with folded wings lamenting at your peril. Soon the pure spirit knows the wings must be unfurled, and the guardian bear its chronicle of earthly sin to Heaven. Oh ! Ned, pause—pause while there be yet time—do nought to drive the boyish gladness from your face, the noble purity from your heart. Pause, Ned ! look upon the image wherewith your angel is striving to allure your gaze ; it is your mother's picture, and the child, the little child by her side, listening with such sympathizing interest to the tale “ how good Joseph said he wouldn't take what wasn't his, for that would be very wicked ”—that child, that little child, was *yourself* ! and you raised your childish face with its look of reverent sympathy to your mother, and you promised to be like Joseph, “ a good man and true.” But Ned's inward eye is dwelling on another picture and he does not see this. No ; instead, he sees Julia in her beauty—Julia in her sorrow—Julia in her passionate and impetuous affection—Julia crushed by unkindness, taking refuge in his love, clinging to him, trusting in him, comforted by him—and the delicious picture makes his brain whirl ! Alas ! Ned, if we strive by our own act and deed to go counter to any of the ordinances of Providence,

we shall find but sorrow where we looked for joy. Julia had sinned against Heaven and against earth, by marrying without love ; and now shall she mend one sin by another ? Be ye sure that if ye pluck the forbidden fruit, the taste thereof in your mouths shall be bitter and not sweet. Can ye not patiently abide. Cast your burdens where they may be borne. "Wait, and He shall give you the desire of your heart."

Ten o'clock came. Julia had been obliged to descend to dinner, as some friends dined with them. Lord Snelgrove had slept his tipsy fit off, and was now only effeminate and silly, as he generally was in company ; his fits of ruffianly fury being confined to those in his power—his domestics and wife. To the rest of the world he seemed a simpering insane simpleton, peevish and very mean spirited. This evening he made a joke about the death of Lady Snelgrove's horse—supposing "she'd be writing a monody on it," and thought it quite a jest that "she'd closed its dying eyes." Julia took no notice of him. She was going—going to Ned—Ned whom she loved so passionately—that was enough for her, and she heard Lord Snelgrove in contemptuous silence. Ten o'clock came, and she withdrew, reached her room, dismissed her maid, who fortunately had a headache ; she slipped the bracelets from her arm, the jewels from her hair—they were the Snelgrove diamonds, and she restored them to their cases without a sigh ; the rings left her fingers—*all but one* ; that one, that mute messenger of Ned's, that had smiled his "*regard*" day by day before her eyes, *that* still sparkled in its place ; but her wedding ring, that she almost tore off, and flung wrathfully from her : it rolled away unheeded, a silent witness of indignation, to the very spot where she had crouched in utter abandonment of despair the night before. The costly silk dress, in which she had appeared at dinner, she cast from her ; and hastily dressing herself in a grey morning gown that had been part of her trousseau, she put her large sun-shaded brown straw hat on her head and, throwing a cloak round her, prepared to leave the room. She stopped ; there was a little bracelet that had been Violet Conyers' wedding present to her—a little simple thing made of Venetian shells, for Violet's scanty purse could not afford a rich gift—Julia clasped it on her arm, and the thought of Violet in her happy purity came as the first sting of that remorse she was to feel for ever. She opened her door, all was still ; she glided noiselessly along the dark corridor. Hark a step—a glimmer of light. She drew herself into a recess, and a servant passed by bearing a lamp and began to fasten up the front door, locking it and putting the key in his pocket : she held her breath till he had gone ; then shot rapidly into one of the front rooms and was out of the window, down the verandah steps, and in the garden before he had finished securing the rest of the house and came to close them. Julia's cloak had a deep fringe to it, and as she passed the library table she brushed a paper down, which in her hurry she caught hastily up in her hand, hardly knowing what she did, and clenched in her grasp as she fled—away, away down the broad gravel pathway—away under the shady orange trees—past the fountain—on with swift foot to

the mulberry tree, where Ned awaited her. There was no time for loitering, the carriage and its swift horses stood ready; the lamps gleamed through the darkness of the night; he half lifted her in—and away, away, away with frantic haste, with a whirling rapidity that kept thought still. Ned held her hand tightly clasped in his; but there was no time for endearment, his other hand grasped a pistol and he sat firm and erect, gazing forth into the dark vista before them. Straining his ear for sounds of following pursuers, and ever and anon shouting a word of encouragement, of entreaty, of promise, of threatening to the postilions, who madly urged on their smoking panting horses to yet a fleetier pace. The moon has risen, and behold the blue waters gleam in the distance—the sea is reached; the race is run and won on land; now for the ocean flight. The time is nearly up for the steamer; she had even begun slowly to leave the dock—but the plank lay still by her side. Holla! a moment yet: it is placed again, and Ned and Julia wildly dash across it; Ned throwing a purse heavy with gold to the exhausted post boys. They are safe; the steam giant's movements quicken, and they are rapidly widening the distance between them and land; and then Julia had time for reflection, while Ned left her and went to make the necessary arrangements about their passage. Then the thought of all that had passed came over her; her reputation was sullied, never again could she lift her proud head amongst the virtuous and good. It was done—the deed was done that never could be repaired; she had sinned, was no longer sinned against but sinning: disgraced and sullied in the eye of man and Heaven, was not her state worse than it had been before? All Biblical verses, till now forgotten, flashed back on her mind with redoubled force, and as she felt that she, even she, was that “accursed thing,” she bowed her head on her hands and wept. As she wept she became sensible of the piece of crushed paper she still held within her clenched hand; the light of the moon shone full upon it, as she opened it, previous to throwing it away; a word or two caught her attention; she read eagerly—once, twice—and, murmuring thanksgiving to Heaven, with clasped hands sunk on her knees on the deck in her dark corner. The words that had produced so powerful an effect upon Julia were ill written, and worse spelt, on a greasy bit of paper, sealed with a thimble. They were welcome, however, to Julia, as the words that tell a reprieve to the terror-stricken criminal!—as the trembling lines from the wounded stripling, to tell his mother he yet lives, and the *Gazette*, with its death-tidings, had made an error.

“My Loord,” said the paper, “This year yere his ne’ly hup and i as received no ri metance from yere Loordship, was wedded wife i nos myself to be better nor nobody—i dos not wishe to mak a trouble, but if i does not receive the hundred pounds by next weeke as usal—i sal tak legirl precidings against your loordship and the youge ladi as keeps company with you.—From your true wife to command, Sally Snelgrove at your service.”

“i has the mariage lines quite saf.”

Oh! the burst of thankfulness, of humble gratitude to Heaven that swept over Julia's heart for this undeserved mercy! None but those who have trembled on the brink of a fearful crime, who have realized for even a moment what it was to be set apart, accursed, as it were, by their fellow-men—driven without the camp, tainted with yet fouler blotches of that deadly leprosy of sin that cleaves more or less to all of us—none but those who have felt it, can fully realize the intense thankfulness of her relief. We can but barely picture it—we to whom, by the mercy of Heaven, it has been granted to be “led not into temptation, to be delivered from evil!” This, then, was the secret, this was the mystery that Lord Snelgrove suspected Julia of having discovered. By a flash of mental lightning she saw it all; she would clear herself, revenge herself, and go a triumphant and rejoicing wife to Ned; the sympathy of the public *with* her—not against her: and Snelgrove, him whom she hated so cordially for many a spiteful triumph, for many a dastardly and mean unkindness—for the death of her horse, for the blow he had struck her, for the life of cold misery she had led with him—Snelgrove would bear the doom he so richly deserved, the law he had violated would itself be her most powerful avenger. She rose, impetuous as usual, to fly to Captain Conyers, to tell him all at once and let him rejoice in her approaching triumph, when all at once a sudden recollection arrested her midway. What could Lord Snelgrove have meant about Rupert? was it a mere threat to insure her silence? No, he would have never ventured upon that; besides, there was a truthfulness in his vindictive tone, a straightforwardness and unhesitatingness in the statement that forced conviction of its truth. She knew him to be quite capable of a falsehood, but a falsehood like that would be so easily disproved and only cover him with fresh ignominy; besides, she knew Rupert and he had been much together, and there flashed upon her now a thousand little incidents hitherto forgotten, when Rupert, the bad-tempered, passionate Rupert, had actually seemed afraid of Snelgrove. He had been one of the most urgent for her marriage, and she had often wondered whether Lord Snelgrove's influence had not had something to do with breaking off Colonel Vere's own marriage with Adelaide Stanley. There had been letter after letter from her mother to Lord Snelgrove at the time, and he had himself written a few lines to Rupert which must have reached him just two days before that which changed poor Adelaide's orange blossoms into cypress twigs. Julia remembered what a fearful temper Rupert's was, and how very possible it was that some ebullition of that temper might have placed his character, nay, she trembled to think it, even his life itself, in Snelgrove's power. She stopped—her heart beat wildly—she sat down again in her place, still holding the precious paper in an almost convulsive clasp, while she debated with herself: “Must she then wear contentedly the mantle of ignominy that would soon be cast over her? must she make no effort to free herself and her character from the aspersions that would be so recklessly hurled upon her? must she sit patiently

and humbly in the stocks of public opprobrium, passive, while eager bystanders flung handful after handful of mire upon the pure garment of woman's fame? and Ned, must he take a blighted and sin-tainted, perjured wife to share his name and home. Was she bound, like a plague-stricken one, to carry her polluting infection to all belonging to her; to let her blighting shadow fall on Frank, labouring in his sacred calling; on Violet, pure in her wifehood's home, unblemished among the matrons of her land; on the innocent brows of Violet's children, must the blemish rest, that they were nieces to that Capt. Conyers who ran away with Lord Snelgrove's wife? No! she could not, she must not bear it. Ned must lift his head among his fellow-men; and for Rupert, let him look to himself: but then, all of a sudden, arose such distant memories, that they seemed now only like a dream, of days when Rupert and Julia were little ones and occupied the same nursery; how Julia fell and grazed her arm, and how Rupert kissed the tears away and gave her all his own strawberries as well as her's; how she, a sickly child, refused to eat her bread and milk unless Rupert fed her; and how he left his own breakfast to get cold, proud of the honour of waiting on his little sister. She remembered the races in the shrubbery; the rides on old Lily, the pony, they both shared together; the room where the two little cribs reposed side by side; the whispered secrets in the morning; and how Rupert would sometimes try and make up to Julia for his mother's evident preference for him—the bun he would bring home from the dinners to which he was invited, while she was left desolate in her nursery. It was very dim and misty—very far away—for they had been separated early, and had never met again till Rupert was the cold, shrewd man of the world, and Julia the sophisticated school-girl. But such things had been, and they had left their traces behind them; and now should her voice be the one to call infamy, suffering, and disgrace upon her brother, the son of one father, of one mother. No, Julia felt it to be impossible; but Ned approached, and she put the thought away from her for that time at least, comforting herself—and it was comfort—that if, in the sight of men, dishonour must still rest upon her brow, it had no right to remain there.

Ned too had his share of remorse and suffering; he was too truly a conscientious character not to feel he was doing wrong. More really religious, brought up in a clearer light than Julia, the compunctions that with her were only of a moral nature, had with him a deeper root. With her the keenest grief was that her character was ruined and blighted in the eyes of the world; but from the inward recesses of Ned's heart a voice continually cried: "Against *Thee* only have I sinned, and done this great evil in Thy sight." Overwhelmed with sorrow and shame for having listened to the voice of the tempter, forsaken the guide of his youth, he had no time to think of the world. To Ned's conscience it appeared as if the Great White Throne were set for judgment, and he heard only the voice of Him that sat thereon. What were his fellow-

men to him at such a time? let them despise, let them upbraid, could only the earnest pleading of his sin-stricken heart avail for pardon *there*! And yet he scarcely dared to strive in inward prayer. He remembered he was, as it were, "continuing in sin;" he was "unreconciled to his brother," and dared not approach the altar to offer his gift; his right eye was still offending him, but he lacked the courage to pluck it out! His soul was distracted within him in a tumult of conflicting feelings. He longed to hear a voice: "This is the way, walk ye in it;" but no voice came, no clear light shone upon his troubled road. He had asked no illuminating grace when he might have had it; and now he "asked and received not, because he asked amiss." Already the strife in his spirit had given him a fearful headache. It increased to distraction; he could only lie on the bench resting his head on the softest pile of cushions that Julia could procure, and endeavour, with all his might, to banish thought.

And now, Julia's good qualities came into exercise. She was a first-rate nurse. She knew exactly when to cool the burning brow with eau-de-cologne, when to moisten the parched lips, and when to sit quietly and patiently by, fanning the almost-exhausted sufferer. No trouble was a trouble to her; the power of nursing seemed to come naturally to her; she neither fatigued her patient by offering too many attentions, or neglected him by bestowing too few. Ned's pulse rose higher and higher, and at last his mind slightly wandered; his skin positively burnt with fever; and his moans, at every shake and roll of the vessel, were piteous. Julia was thankful when their voyage was over and they approached the quay of Marseilles. Ned was quite incapable of exertion, and all arrangements, therefore, devolved on her. She was obliged to look after Ned's luggage—(she had none of her own, not even a pocket handkerchief but the one she held in her hand, and no money!) She had to hire a carriage, to inquire for a hotel, and superintend his removal to one; see him placed in bed, and send for the best doctor the place afforded. Of course, the doctor called her "Madame," and supposed her to be his patient's wife. She blushed when she remembered she had no wedding ring, but he did not seem to observe it; and, indeed, the opinion he gave of his patient was such as to banish every other thought from the heart of one who loved another as devotedly as Julia did Ned Conyers.

"*Monsieur est en grand danger*," said the doctor; and then went on to explain to her that the brain was affected by some sudden shock and only the greatest care and attention to his orders could avail to preserve his life or reason. "Madame must herself apply the remedies and watch their effect. She must never leave Monsieur one instant, and perhaps my skill and Madame's care may avail to restore Monsieur."

Julia had immediately to enter upon all a wife's duties: take possession of his purse, unpack his clothes, change his linen, and call herself by his name in her intercourse with the officials. Day after day Ned lay cast on this sick bed where life and death seemed to fight a drawn battle for their prey.

Now plunged in a stupor of insensibility, now wildly delirious, he would sit up in bed and, shaking his clenched fist at some invisible opponent, challenge Snelgrove to fight with him for the possession of Julia; then, with a fearful howl, he would seem to announce the approach of some avenging fiend who had come to drag him off to the abodes of endless misery: now he would open his arms with passionate fondness to some invisible Julia (the real one, earnestly occupied in his service, he failed to recognize); and now he would shriek wildly to the rocks to fall on him, to the mountains to cover him, from the eye of the avenging Judge of all! Once he sobbed like a little child, and said he saw his mother, but "he mustn't go in where she was; the door was locked, and it was so hot, so burning hot down here," clasping his hands on his aching forehead. Julia softly moved them and applied lumps of ice in their place, and was rewarded by a gentle sigh of satisfaction. "Ah! I knew *she'd* get me let in; she's reminding the white angel at the gate I'm her child she used to pray for; and, oh! heavenly breeze!" he continued, as Julia fanned his forehead, "he's let me in where the cool air blows."

Sometimes he was quite violent and opposed what she had to do for him; and on one occasion, when he frantically persisted against letting the leeches be applied that the doctor had ordered, after wasting more time than she liked, all anxious as she was, in fruitless endeavours, Julia, with trembling voice, ventured upon a spell hitherto unemployed: "Do, dear Ned, do let me put them on; your mother sends them, they are her little messengers to take trouble and sorrow away!" The effect was instantaneous, and he lay passive as a lamb in her hands!

At last, tired and weakened by all these severe remedies, deep sleep settled upon Ned's weary eyelids, and Julia kept watch beside him almost fearing to move lest she should break the spell. She herself was inexpressibly fatigued and exhausted; her clothes had never been removed since the fearful night she had left Rome, and till now she had had no time to realize her discomfort. Now she hastily resolved to go into the adjoining room and refresh herself by an impromptu bath, and put on a cool dressing-gown, instead of the stiffer and more elaborate morning toilette she wore. She was creeping softly out of the room for this purpose when she suddenly remembered she had no clothes to change, and she resolved to go to the landlady and ask her if she would send for a few from a ready-made establishment in the town. She would not ring, because she feared a strange step might wake her patient, and she hoped much from this refreshing sleep. She took Ned's purse in her hand; and how painful, how humiliating it was to be obliged to apply to that to supply her wants! but there was no help for it—poor Julia was literally penniless! She had married without any marriage portion bestowed by her father, and she had, of course, forfeited all settlements on Lord Snelgrove's side by her hasty flight. So, after a struggle with herself, she took Ned's well-filled purse in her hand and stole softly downstairs on her errand.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SURPRISE.

"Oh ! it was pitiful,
Near a whole city full,
Friends they had none !"

Hood.

JULIA had hardly finished talking to the landlady, and was hurrying back to her patient, when she heard a voice behind her, an unmistakably familiar voice, say—"Why, good gracious ! Lady Snelgrove, is that you ? we hoped to meet you at Rome. Is Lord Snelgrove hurrying home to vote on the currency question ? what a patriot to be sure !" It was the well known voice of Lydia Repton !—we beg her pardon, we have forgotten what Lydia *never* forgets, that she is now Lady Bolton.

"We shall be so sorry to miss meeting you at Rome ; we hoped to make it *so* pleasant to you," said Lydia in a patronizing tone—(for Lydia patronized everybody, from the Queen downwards—indeed I have heard she quite overwhelmed Her Majesty with her condescending notice when at Windsor !)—"We should have been there before now, but dear Lord Bolton had a little weakness in his eyesight which frightened me ; but he's nearly cured now—ain't you, dear love ?" turning to the almost doterish, old nobleman who chuckled and smiled and said, "Yes ! my pretty, yes to be sure !"

Julia stood with a burning blush upon her haughty face, her eyes downcast, while Lady Bolton ran on, finishing off by an invitation to them to come and dine in her apartments, and talk over the "world in Rome and the world in London."

"No, thank you, Lady Bolton," said Julia suddenly, "I am nursing a sick friend ;" and she hastily retreated without further explanation.

Lady Bolton, struck with surprise at her peculiar manner, began to question the landlady as to how long Milord and Miladi Snelgrove and suite had been there.

The landlady's astonishment was extreme. There was "*Point de Milord, point de Miladi, point de suite. Mais tout simplement Monsieur et Madame Conyers. Monsieur si gravement malade. Madame si bonne, si bonne, envers lui et si indiffatigablement soigneuse.*"

Slowly but clearly the light broke over Lady Bolton ; but when it did, the effect was startling. She was vehemently virtuous, vehemently indignant ; the girl who sold her soul for money, had no sympathy for the girl who sold her soul for love ! It was disgraceful ; Julia was a wicked woman, a fallen creature, a polluted being. She should not and could not remain under the same roof ! She should warn all the English against the hotel. In vain the landlady shrugged her shoulders : "*Mais que voulez vous enfin Miladi, c'est une pauvre jeune femme !*" No she was not *pauvre* at all, she was *mechant* and neither in this world or the

next would Lady Bolton consent to submit to the companionship of Julia Snelgrove ! "They must leave, the landlady must *insist* upon their doing so, or Lord Bolton and herself, and their suite, would immediately withdraw and find shelter at L'Aigle Noir instead of the Lion d'Orée." The landlady pleaded "*Mais Monsieur est souffrante, vraiment extrêmement malade, il y avait de danger de lui chasser comme cela !*" Lady Bolton poohpoohed the illness, and ignored the danger—he might be ill for aught she knew ; he justly deserved illness, she was "sure it was a judgment upon him if he was ;" but she believed it was only a trick to avoid Lord Snelgrove or Colonel Vere, from the wrath of both of whom he was in peril. Lady Bolton was peremptory, and her ancient Lord nodded his head and "*oui ma chère d*" at every word, varied by the Anglican phraseology, "So it is, my dear—bless her—she knows how to it !" in a chuckling satisfied sort of way.

The landlady mused : if Lord and Lady Bolton withdrew, they took with them Lord Bolton's man, Lady Bolton's two maids, the poodle dog, Lady Bolton's groom of the chambers, the young surgeon travelling in attendance on them, the coachman and two grooms, the carriage horses, and Lady Bolton's own riding horse ; and last, but not least in the landlady's eyes, that personage of mysterious dread to hotel-keepers, the *Courier*, supposed by some to be a direct emanation from "Murray" himself. If, on the contrary, inhumanity triumphed, and suffering Ned and his devoted attendant were warned to seek another hotel, those two individuals would be the only loss sustained by the Lion d'Orée—the only acquisition to L'Aigle Noir. They had but two apartments ; Lord Bolton had fifteen, besides stabling for horses, and jobbing a carriage and horses from them while he stayed ; his own horses being still unrecovered from the fatigues of the journey. The Conyers division eat scarcely anything, while the appetites of the Bolton retainers were a never failing mine of wealth to Madame—to say nothing of the dear dog who actually preferred bones to meat, and enabled her to charge for the latter whilst providing the former.

" Alas for the rarity,
Of Christian charity,
Under the sun ! "

(as Hood tells us in our motto to our thirteenth chapter) self-interest gained the day, the obsequious landlady assured Miladi all should be done as she desired, and then smoothing her silk apron went and knocked at Julia's door upon her unpleasant errand. Ned had just awoken, and seemed, though very weak, more calm and rational than before ; he knew Julia, took the cup of tea she had prepared against his waking, and smiled at her ; he did not speak, did not appear equal to the effort. Julia opened the door to the landlady's knock, who beckoned her into the passage, and then, with that thorough disregard to truth and preference for fiction often to be observed in a French landlady, observed that she was quite *chagrinée*, quite *audessuspoir*, but the apartments Julia was

in had been bespoken for three months at least by the German Gräfin von Halbwag, "and she and her retinue were to arrive to-night." In vain Julia pleaded were there no other apartments for the Hochwohlgeborne Frau Gräfin to occupy, so as to leave Ned in peaceable possession of his.

"*Mais nélas non ! et pire que cela !*" The landlady had no others vacant, not even a hole, "*pour un pauvre petit souris ;*" and shrugs, and "*Mais que voulez vous's,*" gave effect to her assertion. At last Julia grew indignant, vowed they were in the rooms and wouldn't move out. Then the landlady's ire kindled in her turn, and she observed, "*Qu'elle savait bien que ce ne était pas le vrai nom de Madame sur le passport qu'il fallait aller au police, si Madame ne voulait pas s'en aller tranquillement.*" And Julia, quivering, trembling with shame and wrath—terrified for fear there should be an *affaire* made about it—drew down the colours she had so valiantly hoisted and surrendered at discretion. She looked at her "Bradshaw," there was a train for Lyons at 5.30 ; it was now three. Anything was better than to remain in Marseilles after such an insult ; besides the mention of the police had thrilled her ears, unaccustomed to such sounds, with terror and she felt tremulous with impatience to get away. She paid the bill—left the money for the doctor, whom she was ashamed to see again, for fear the landlady should have enlightened him as to her history ; then went to Ned, gave him a glass of warm jelly, and telling him simply and quietly that the landlady had let the rooms and they must move on to Lyons, she dressed him entirely herself—not allowing him to assist himself in any way, and then had him carried on an invalid couch to the station and placed at full length in the *coupé* of the train, she sitting at his feet on his dressing-case. A good natured guard got the tickets for her and promised they should have the carriage to themselves ; and Ned lay and slept there almost as if he were in bed in the hotel.

When they arrived at Lyons indeed, he happened to be sleeping so sweetly that Julia ventured on continuing the journey as far as Chalons sur Saone, a quiet old fashioned town, where the large comfortable hotel of the "Trois Faisans" gave them a quiet resting-place. She was thankful to see Ned once more undressed and in bed. Contrary to her expectations he passed a good night, though ever and anon he moaned piteously in his sleep, and he turned from his breakfast with utter disgust on the next morning ; and the worn, grief marked lines too in his face pained her deeply : he sighed whenever he looked at her ; and Julia hastily resolved that, come what would to Rupert, Ned should have the same spark of comfort she had herself. She knew she could well trust Rupert to Ned's honour and Ned's heart. She must break the matter cautiously to him, not startle her patient suddenly, even with good news. She had, as we have said before, from this illness, completely slid as it were into the wife, the domestic comfort ; and she now bathed his face and hands with warm water, smoothed his hair, shook up his pillows ; and then playfully observing that she thought she had done the

valet's work and now she must do the cook's, beat him up an egg with claret and made him swallow it—then sitting down with her work, for Julia was a great worker, she led the conversation to their voyage, to the incidents, and at last mentioned the piece of paper she had found, showing it to him. Ned read eagerly; sprung up, as it were, with renewed vigour in bed; and his first warm thanksgivings were breathed with folded hands to the same shrine where had ascended his moans of penitence. The relief, the intense relief was almost too much for him. With tears of joy in his eyes he drew Julia to him, called her his "own fond wife"—"his first and dearest object of affection"—his "nurse, his preserver, his cherished one—his, in the sight of Heaven."

"Oh! Julia," said honest, true hearted Ned, "let us never forget what we have been saved from; let us strive to live so that our lives may ascend as perpetual thankofferings to Heaven, who has dealt more mercifully with us than we deserve; let us not forget, in His eyes who is too pure to behold iniquity, sins of intention are as bad as sins of commission. We shall suffer through life, dearest, for our fault; but we mustn't shrink from suffering, let us comfort ourselves with the undeserved mercy of feeling that, in the sight of Heaven, we are man and wife! It will be a bitter grief to me to be shut out for ever perhaps from intercourse with those I have loved from infancy, but we must bear it patiently and only cling the more closely to each other. Of course there cannot be a moment's doubt as to the course we must pursue: let the world's contempt and indignation fall upon us who, let us ever remember, in *intention* have deserved it; and do not let us clear ourselves at the expense of another—and that other, your brother.

After this conversation Ned grew rapidly better and his love and gratitude to Julia for all her thoughtful tenderness grew stronger every hour. Ned was essentially a domestic man, loved the quiet of a house and fireside of his own, hated pomp and glare; and now it delighted him to watch Julia's fingers busily plying the knitting pins or the embroidery needle, while he lay on the sofa and sketched anything and everything. Julia had completely assumed the wife, mended his gloves, arranged his clothes, looked upon him as her patient as well as her husband. For in the midst of Ned's first moments of thankful gratitude he had drawn from his pocket-book his dearest treasure, his mother's wedding ring; and solemnly, with words of prayer and vows of tenderness, he had placed it on her finger. Reader, remember, I am not saying they were right. No; on the contrary, they were *fearfully to blame*; but I am showing you the terrible train of evils to which one false step may lead. Had Julia never consented to go through the marriage ceremony with a man she did not love, to stand before the altar with a lip stained by falsehood, she would never have been placed in the painful and humiliating situation she was in now; and having promised Lord Snelgrove, it had been clearly her duty to wait till the law freed her from that promise: but impulse, impulse, hasty impulse had been the bane of poor uncultivated Julia's life. Pas-

sionate impulse led her to marry Lord Snelgrove, and a still more passionate impulse to break away from him afterwards. Ned soon recovered enough to be moved to England, and they were speedily established in lodgings in London; and sending to his agent's for letters, Ned found four awaiting him: one from his commanding officer, kindly but peremptorily advising him to sell out; one from Colonel Vere, insulting him grossly and challenging him to a meeting; one from Lord Snelgrove's lawyer; and Frank's kind brotherly letter, the one balm of comfort in poor Ned's cup. The lawyer's letter was short and to the purpose, merely stating that as proceedings would be immediately commenced against Lady Snelgrove, with a view to enable his client to procure a divorce, a personal interview between the solicitor and Lady Snelgrove was imperatively necessary, and if Captain Conyers would inform him of her ladyship's address he would have the honour of waiting upon her without loss of time.

Ned answered all but the Colonel's—his only reply to that was instructing his agent to sell out immediately; to Colonel Vere, he wrote that he acknowledged his fault, his sin in the sight of Heaven, but that no power on earth should induce him "to lift his arm against the brother of one he loved as he did his life." Poor Ned was, with all his good qualities, no letter writer, and he was so honourably afraid of saying too much that he really said too little, and left people to suppose he was far more guilty than he was. To Frank he merely wrote:

"My dearest brother,—I hope to be with you the day after tomorrow; Heaven bless you for your letter, and Violet too. You are a brother indeed!—Your most attached brother,
NED."

In answer to the lawyer's letter, Ned fixed the next day at twelve o'clock for the personal interview with Lady Snelgrove, and referred him to his own solicitor, Mr. Eversley, as the person empowered by him to conduct all the business.

The next day brought the lawyer. Ned received him alone, hoping to save this pain to Julia, by pleading that she had a headache, but in vain! The sour grapes had been eaten and the teeth must feel the consequent acidity; it is ordained by Providence, and man taught by Him walks in His footsteps as an appointed avenger. Poor Julia came down, mortified, trembling, ashamed; she stood before the lawyer—a kind, venerable white-haired old man, whose calm tone of pitying displeasure seemed to pierce her very heart with shame—her eyes cast down, she stood in a sort of sullen despair. He approached her; "But one question, Lady Snelgrove, will you allow me to ask if you have any plea, any defence to enter against my client's proceedings? Are there any extenuating circumstances you wish to plead?"

He paused and waited for Julia's reply; it seemed as if it would choke her; her face turned a deadly white, her mouth twitched convulsively, and at last the words, "No, no plea whatever," seemed wrung from those proud lips, and the white-haired lawyer's glance grew less compassionate and more displeased. and she passed rapidly from the room, to

fling herself sobbing upon her sofa and bury her face in the cushions, yearning to hide herself from the light of day. To have to confess with her own lips "*she was that thing, Iago!*" not to dare to bring forward any extenuating circumstance; not boldly to avow to the world her innocence and his guilt, to wipe off the stain which her own mouth had cast upon her! Oh! it was a very bitter lot; and then to go down to see Ned feeling sad at heart at the blight that had passed upon his name—at the letter from his commanding officer, who had hitherto been such a firm friend and had prophesied great things of Ned's future. Besides Ned had been cut dead in the streets by Mr. Stanley, who was walking with Adelaide; and he had just received an indignant letter from his brother-in-law—the very Colonel Wright for whom he had advanced the money for the lieutenant-colonelcy—telling him that he was a disgrace to his family and all intercourse must cease between them: and to Ned who had very strong family affections all this was very bitter; he feared his brother, Colonel Conyers, would join in the outcry against him, and he felt sadly that he should be an "alien from his mother's children" perhaps for ever. All this brought on a return of the pain in his head and Julia was obliged to rouse herself to soothe and cheer him, having all the while that inward consciousness that *she* was the cause of his sorrow that almost prevented her being able to exert herself to disperse it.

In the meanwhile Frank and Violet mused much as to whether *she* would come, whether they were to part for ever, or what. "Perhaps," said Violet, "Julia's own relations may have received her. I hope they will be kind to her; poor thing, poor thing! what a dreadful life hers will be. I only wish she could repent and die—unless, Frank, she could be like '*Ruth*,' that beautiful '*Ruth*' I read aloud to you once. I think, really do you know, it was the thought of that book first put it into my head to beg that she might come here. I felt only disgust with them both at first, and then I thought of Mr. Benson and Ruth."

The morning came and Frank set off in the little basket carriage to meet Ned at the station and bring them back with him, if *they* came. But of this he was doubtful; he thought Ned would have been more explicit had Julia been intending to accompany him; he had almost made up his mind they were going to separate, that conscience had been too strong for them, and they had resolved upon temporal rather than eternal sorrow.

(To be continued.)

"HAPPY STRANGER"

A TRUE STORY.

'Twas in Surrey, where the river
 Passes on its tideless way ;
 That we came to where a mother
 And her new-born infant lay.

Round about the fragile treasure,
 She had wound a stiff'ning arm ;
 'Twas the woman's heart within her
 That had kept the infant warm.

And the baby's tiny fingers,
 In her clay-cold hands were pressed ;
 And his lips were vainly seeking
 Succour from her icy breast.

Nought was there to tell the story
 Who she was or whence she came,
 But we took the baby from her,
 Took the child without a name.

And while gently we untangled
 The dead mother and her child,
 Upwards gazed the little stranger,
 Gazed into our face and smiled.

And that bleak December morning,
 While the winds were whistling wild,
 To God's Acre went the Mother,
 To God's House the little Child.

And we piled the earth above her,
 And we vowed a solemn vow,
 As the Cross in mystic waters,
 Sparkled on his stainless brow.

For we hail'd the omen gladly,
 Proffer'd by the Orphan there ;
 Signed and named him "Happy Stranger,"
 And God heard it as a prayer !

T. F. A. M.

April 1863.

HOW TO ENJOY A RAMBLE IN THE RAIN.

BY J. A. LANGFORD.

It was a bright, but not a deceptive morning. You saw as plainly as possible that such a sparkling, weak, ray-bordered sun denoted wet. You could have safely predicted that not many hours would pass without rain. We knew this, and felt quite certain that the day would not betray us; but we had made our arrangements for a ramble, and "spit fire, spout rain, or roll thunder," we were resolved, and could not be deterred. Our course had been marked out, and our plans arranged a week before, and not a jot or tittle would we vary though the cataracts and hurricanes spouted till they drenched our steeples. We had fixed a fine round of visits, and were determined to make them, and make them we did; and what is better, even though we had to bide the "pelting of the pitiless storm," we thoroughly, heartily, and conscientiously enjoyed ourselves.

The sun was very bright when we left home. It shone over us for some part of our journey to Forge Mills; but ere we reached that not very elegant station, the heavens grew black and lowering, and looked as if under the visitation of a November fog, which had mistaken October for that month. Every object had a dull, a leaden, and a joyless look about it, as if life were a burden, and it were no matter how soon the whole affair were ended. The hedges and the trees dropped tears, in anticipation of the floods which the skies were soon to shed upon them. The spire of Coleshill Church, in the distance looming, pierced the thick and gloomy air, and stood out a black and cheerless picture; shorn, as it were, of its fair proportions. But even this could not destroy its beauty, nor our pleasure in gazing upon its shadowy and seemingly vast outline.

The crows, the field-fares, and an occasional robin flew heavily along, as if an extra weight of humid atmosphere were on their wings; which, doubtless, there was. Still it *did not* rain as yet, and we walked on to the church thinking of the many times we had visited it, and what a beautiful object it is under all conditions of weather. From our thinking that morning we drew the following practical conclusion, which we repeat for the benefit of all true ramblers. It is, that every one should visit the same scenes in sunshine and in rain; and he or she, or both, would then learn how under all circumstances, nature is beautiful to those who know how to use their eyes. This remark may not be very new, nor very profound, but it is true.

Coleshill Church has lately undergone a complete restoration—a true, genuine, honest restoration. Not white-washed, and daubed over with some vile composition, which under the boast of cleanliness only obscures

the old beauty, and adds dirt to dirt. It has been completely and thoroughly restored. Every detail of the old plan has been attended to ; and what was not originally carried out has been now, in the spirit and intention of its early architect. The old is kept, where it is possible, exactly as it was ; and where touching up is required, or addition needed, the work has been faithfully done, and the form and character of the original rigidly respected. The old window mullions and tracery are strictly adhered to in the new work. The fine old tower and the beautiful spire have been encased after the model which the church supplied. The inside has been as vigorously revered as the exterior. The splendid stained glass window are a treat to see ; and the statues, which have been simply cleaned, are in admirable preservation, and are fine specimens of the art of the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries. There, in full length state, clad in their chain-armour, sword by the side, and hands folded in prayer, are the plain and noble-looking ancestors of the Digbys. The rich folds of the ladies' dresses ; the net-work of the chain-armour ; the carving round the sword hilts ; the ornaments on the head and breast ; the tassels on the pillows, are all wrought with exquisite skill. Some hours might be profitably employed in studying these monuments. A richly wrought font has been carefully preserved, and worthily occupies its ancient place in the church. The seats, the pulpits, the official pews, are all new, of best English oak, and the ornamentation admirably carved in appropriate patterns. A finer and more successful restoration has rarely been accomplished ; and a visit to the church is indeed a treat and should induce many persons to tarry a little time at Coleshill. It would be an injustice not to state that the restoration has been made under the competent direction of Mr. Slater, the architect, and at the expense of the Digbys, whose noble forefathers repose in the church ; their goodly effigies still adorn it, but none of them ever did a more generous and fame-worthy act than this of their present representatives, one of whom officiates in the sacred building now so intimately associated with his family.

Ere we left the churchyard a little rain had fallen, but the thick clouds for a time passed away, and we hopefully walked across the meadows which lay between us and Maxtoke, whose Castle and ruined Priory were to be called at in our day's ramble. A comparatively short walk brings you to Maxtoke Park, which is a pleasant place enough, pleasantly timbered, and pleasantly tenanted with ruminating kine and grunting deer. For so noble-looking an animal, the deer is gifted with the strangest and most unprepossessing of voices. The peacock's screech but ill accords with the splendours of his tail ; but the cry of the deer is a much more anomalous thing, when compared with the splendid creature from whose throat it comes. To hear them at a distance, makes you think that there is a huge piggery in the neighbourhood, in which all the swine are grunting and not one squeaking. You approach a herd of noble-looking creatures, whose stately heads, crowned with antlers high

and far-spreading, are magnificent to look on ; you hail them with words of admiration and praise, when away they scamper grunting a most inharmonious salute. They are truly splendid animals, and add wonderfully to the beauty of a park ; but, to use a broad and most expressive phrase, "when they open their mouth they put their foot in it."

We walked for some time in the park, seeing all that it had to show us ; surveying the quaint little towns and low walls which form the outworks of Maxtoke's most liliputian of castles. It looks almost like a toy castle, one erected as a model, or put up by a fairy race to shelter and protect the lords and knights of their order, if fairy folk were ever troubled with such disturbers of the public peace. It is, however, very pretty. The entrance gate, as seen from the end of a noble avenue of trees, is really beautiful ; and the expression which rises spontaneously to the tongue while looking at it is, "Why it's quite like a picture !" which it is. This miniature castle was once the scene of a most "riotous and routous proceeding," which we have elsewhere described,* and which is a pleasant little bit of history of the social habits of the good old times.

From the Park to the Priory it is a short but very pleasant walk ; and the magnificent old entrance through which you approach the ruins is of itself worth a visit. The lovers of the truly beautiful in art will not hurry through it. It never fails to call forth the warmest admiration and is worthy of all the praises that are lavished upon its beauty. It is indeed.

"A thing of beauty and of poetry in stone ;"

and will be often recalled when the Rambler is far from its actual presence. Through such a fitting archway we pass to the ruins of the Priory. These are limited to two noble fragments, which tell what a grand place the building must have been in its palmy days. Now these two records of the past stand there, hoary with years, covered with dense ivy, rich in fragmentary beauty, and great in their suggestiveness. Up and down, across and round about the ground we walk, seeking in our mind's eye to re-erect the old structure, and to people it once more with its cowed and tansured inmates. While we were engaged in this imaginative work, which would be pleasant enough on a bright summer day, we were recalled to earth and the present, in a not very acceptable fashion. The battle of the elements has been won by the rain, which is now pouring on us in heavy abundance. Nor do we forget that a ramble through Packington Park still remains to complete our day's programme. The rain is evidently bent upon continuing ; and we are also bent upon not being beaten. The fall is a soaking one ; but once wet through, which we very soon are, we cannot be wetter. With which consolatory bit of knowledge, and from the fact that there is no "hospitable hostelry" near, we, with a hearty laugh at our position, button up coats and leave the Priory for Packington.

It has been our good fortune to ramble through Packington at all

* "Pleasant Spots and Famous Places," p. 238.

times, and in all seasons. When the bright sun lit up with its splendour, and tinted the foliage with numberless hues radiantly bright ; when the wild-flowers were in their glory, and the ferns in their richest greenery. We have seen it when frost and snow had played their fantastic tricks, and made every tree and shrub a world of grotesque pictures, and exquisite beauty. In the first bursting forth of spring, with its rich renewal of life ; in the perfect green and luxuriance of summer ; in the ever-varying and wondrous glow of autumn ; in the hoary venerableness of a clear frosty winter : but we are bound to confess that in the thick rain of this visit the place presented a wild and weird beauty which we should be sorry not to have seen. The lightning-riven oaks, majestic in their ruin, stood out grandly ; and the groups and masses of trees had a dim and indistinct individuality which was in grave contrast with their appearance under other circumstances. The outline of each was lost in the dimness which the thick atmosphere hung around it ; and which gave to all of them a ghost-like appearance. In groups or alone, they all, "like widows newly made, wept sad and heavy tears." Under nearly every tree, seeking shelter from the heavy fall of rain, reposed one or a couple of deer, who met our approach with their usual salutatory grunt ; sometimes bounding away, and sometimes remaining to stare at us with a vacant expression of countenance, about which you were puzzled to know whether it expressed wonder, astonishment, fear, or mere inanity. The rain still kept pouring down, but we did *not* hurry. What would have been the good ? and what need had we, when, strange as it may sound to folk who are accustomed to be pent in towns, we thoroughly enjoyed our walk ; and left the park at last only more and more convinced of a truth which we never doubted—that Nature "never did betray the heart that loved her," and is, under all circumstances and all aspects, to the open eye and open heart, "beautiful exceedingly."

Across a few more thoroughly saturated meadows, along the sides of a pleasant river, and the welcome Stonebridge inn is smiling before us. Having left the Park, we will not deny but that the sight of it was very pleasant. We were thoroughly wetted, thoroughly hungry, and thoroughly thirsty. In fact, it was with us as with the famous Earl of Strafford, thorough throughout. Our condition was such as to render an inn an object of especial respect. And in a few minutes we were ensconced in a neatly-furnished, cozy (delightful word !) and comfortable room, with a bright fire in the grate ; something warm and good on the table before us ; a clean pipe of birds'-eye lighted ; and the sound of the preparation of a tea in the distance ! Need we add that full justice was done to that tea ; that we quietly enjoyed its richness, or pleasantly chatted, as we inhaled its welcome aroma, over the adventures of the day, and were glad to confess how little it had been in the power of the rain to mar our pleasure. In fact, it had not lessened it one iota. We had—let us say it once more—thoroughly, completely, and unmistakably enjoyed "Our Ramble in the Rain."

INVERSNAIL AND WORDSWORTH'S "SWEET HIGHLAND GIRL."

A PASSAGE FROM "A TOUR IN TARTANLAND."*

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AUTHOR OF "GLENCREGGAN, OR A HIGHLAND HOME IN CANTIRE."

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one spot over another for a view of the loch, I think that no one can ascend the hilly road above Inversnaid, and, turning himself round, look westward, without being struck by the magnificence of the prospect. Far below, is the placid surface of the loch. On the opposite bank is Glensloy, the glen striking off to the south-west, and surrounded by a grand group of mountains, among which Benvoirlich lifts its head to a height of 3160 feet, and is but little inferior to Ben Lomond himself. Crocherechan, also, rears his head, and looks to the distorted form of Ben Arthur, or "The Cobbler."

"To the Cobbler," says Macculloch, "time rolls on in vain. Still he lifts his head to the clouds, defying the sun and the storm, still he hammers at his last, unmoved, unchanged, looking down from his proud elevation on the transitory sons of little men, reckless as his noted namesake of the turmoils and mutations of the world at his feet. Absurd as is this object, the resemblance is indeed striking. . . . The resemblance is preserved in all its integrity, even to the base of the precipice; but the whimsical effect of the form is there almost obliterated by the magnificence of these bold rocks, towering high above, and perched, like the still more noble Seuir of Egg, on the utmost ridge of the mountain." I quote this authority in explanation of Ben Arthur's *sobriquet*, but I failed to discover the slightest similarity between the outline of the mountain and that of a cobbler working at his last, although the form of Ben Arthur is certainly sufficiently grotesque and striking, and is a prominent object in the view. At the mouth of Glensloy, the ground falls gently to the margin of the loch in pleasant meadow-land, from which a few white houses gleam from embowering shrubs and trees. Above these appear the varied tints of the heather, intermingled and contrasted with the cold greys of the rocks, and the infinite variety of hues on the mountain-sides. On this side the loch, far down below, we see the blue slate roofs and white walls of the houses at Inversnaid, the trees all around and o'ertopping them. Down from us to them, Inversnaid Burn is leaping from crag to crag in a succession of small falls, that worthily culminate in the larger waterfall which completes the journey of this romantic burn from Loch Arelet to Loch Lomond. The overhanging shrubs, the trees on either side, the tufts of heather, and the irregular masses of rock, over and between which the water is dashing downward in its headlong course—this makes the near view to the left of the picture. On the right of the foreground rises a rugged bank, the tops of the hard rocky masses being softly rounded by herbage and heather, and crowned with trees, among which groups of Scotch firs are conspicuous for their beauty no less than for their position. The front of the rock has been hewn away to admit of the steep road that winds round the abrupt surface of the hill-side, the road on the other side being guarded by a low stone wall, to prevent passengers from being precipitated into the tumbling waterfalls of Inversnaid Burn. Altogether it is a most lovely landscape; and, to those tourists who approach

Inversnaid from the Trosachs, this, their first glimpse of Loch Lomond, is a view which must at once impress them very favourably with the surpassing beauty of the queen of Scottish lakes.

The steamer comes up from Tarbet to Inversnaid pier the while I am endeavouring to transfer to my sketching-block a faint reminiscence of this view. "These tourists," said the homely priest of Ennerdale—

"These tourists, Heaven preserve us! needs must live
A profitable life : some glance along,
Rapid and gay, as if the earth were air,
And they were butterflies to wheel about
Long as the summer lasted ; some, as wise,
Upon the forehead of a jutting crag
Sit perched, with book and pencil on their knee,
And look and scribble, scribble on and look,
Until a man might travel twelve stout miles,
Or reap an acre of his neighbour's corn."

Just so ; I sit perched upon a crag, and find the sun rather more powerful than I could wish the while I "look and scribble," and steamers come and go, and the "rapid and gay" butterfly tourists, who have a hard day's route to be scrambled through, pass and re-pass. Here come a number of gentlemen tourists straggling up from Inversnaid on foot, the road being so extremely steep that the pulling up of a coach-load is no easy task even for four strong horses. Soon after, the coach itself makes its appearance—its scarlet-coated driver becoming a spot of valuable colour in the landscape, and the gay dresses of his lady passengers making a very pretty moving mass of variegated tints. The coaches constructed for tourists in this part of the country are very capital inventions, always provided that the weather be fine. Poor Albert Smith's nervous old lady who travelled through Switzerland, did so with the blinds pulled down for fear she should see an avalanche. She could not have done this in these coaches over the Highland hills, for the very simple reason that they have no "insides," that portion of the vehicular anatomy being entirely devoted to the luggage. The coach, in fact, is a long luggage-box on the top of which rows of seats are placed, and it appears to be a mixture of the *char-à-banc* and the band-carriage of a circus. As there is no awning overhead, all the passengers are exposed to the pitiless pelting of any storm which they may encounter ; but in fine weather they are admirable public vehicles, conveying, I am afraid to say how many passengers, and giving to all a full view of the scenery.

The Inversnaid Burn, from the point where we have been standing, presents a series of the most lovely little waterfalls all the way down to Loch Lomond. I purposely use the feminine adjectives of "lovely little," as applied to this succession of falls ; for there is nothing grand, or large, or solemn about them. The stream is merely a good sized brook capering down its rocky stairs until it finds its level in the great lake below. But it does this with such a charming grace, and with so many lovely adjuncts of scenery, that it fairly wins the heart, and makes a far greater impression

than might be made by many a larger and nobler waterfall. I was fortunate enough to see the burn when flushed with a considerable volume of water from the heavy rain of the two previous days; and the way in which it dashed and hurled itself, and covered itself with foam, was altogether as laudable an effort to imitate its brethren of larger growth as could well be imagined; and a second Southey might have exalted it to the position of a second Lodore, and composed in its honour a similar chain of epithets.

Two portions of this tumbling burn, however, really deserve the name of falls. The one is called "the Upper Fall," and the other is emphatically the Inversnaid waterfall. This latter fall is the largest, last, and best of the series, though it does not appear to be more than thirty feet in height. The water is precipitated over a wide ledge—the face of the rock being slightly scooped—into a rocky basin thickly strewn with great boulders, lichen-spotted and weather-stained, among which the stream, buried in its own foam, is broken up into a hundred channels, and straggles and tumbles towards the smooth waters of the loch. A minor fall, an offshoot of the larger, makes its appearance a little to the right. Light, feathery birches and brushwood cling to the clefts and ledges of the rocks, which are crowned with trees, and backed by the wooded hills; and a slender wooden bridge takes an aerial flight over the stream at a height above the waterfall. A tolerably good view of the fall is obtained from the loch as the steamer stands in for Inversnaid pier; but a still better view is gained by clambering to the boulders on the margin of the loch, or by taking out a boat to a little distance from the shore.

Of course this is the spot where Wordsworth fell over head and ears in love (platonically, it is to be hoped) with his "Sweet Highland Girl," that rustie young lady whom he apostrophised in such an extravagant fashion, and on whose head he heaped such a burden of praise and benediction. He was only thirty-three years of age, but still he would be "thy father—anything to thee," so that he might hear and see her, and have some claim upon her. Why, the man ought to have been ashamed of himself! He had only been married ten months, and his wife, as it would seem,* had been left behind at Grasmere, while the husband had gone off with his sister for a Scotch tour. And during the six weeks that they are absent from Grasmere, what was Wordsworth's newly-married wife doing? The poet himself shall tell us the secret, in that sonnet which he indited when returning home from his Scottish tour:—

"Fly, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere dale!
Say that we come, and come by this day's light;
Fly upon swiftest wing round field and height,

* All the allusions in his poems of this tour are to his sister. The notes to his poems are also extracted from the diary of his "fellow traveller," his sister. There is certainly a reference to travelling with his "winsome marrow:" but all doubt on the subject of the whereabouts of his wife is set aside by the sonnet commencing—

"Fly, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere dale!"

But chiefly let one cottage hear the tale ;
There let a mystery of joy prevail—
The kitten frolic, like a gamesome sprite,
And Rover whine, as at a second sight
Of near-approaching good that shall not fail,
And from that Infant's face let joy appear ;
Yea, let our Mary's* one companion child—
That hath her six weeks' solitude beguiled
With intimations manifold and dear,
While we have wandered over wood and wild—
Smile on his mother now with bolder cheer."

So, then, Mrs. Wordsworth had been left for six weeks to the company of her first and newly-born child ! and during this period her husband was taking his pleasure, and sustaining his affection for his absent wife by inditing an erotic poem to the first pretty girl he sees. It is all very well to say that the young lady in question was only fourteen years of age, that she was as ignorant of the stranger's poetic raptures as she was of "English speech," and that his various couplets meant nothing more than so many integral parts of a composition in verse. But, after all, why need he have wished to dwell beside her in some heathy dell, to adopt her homely ways and dress, and for her sake become a shepherd, and "give thanks to Heaven" for leading him to a spot where he had seen so beautiful a girl, whom he would never forget so long as he should live, etc. etc. Why should he say so much as this, with his wife and child in the background, and he a ten-months' old husband ? Verily, if these are the raptures into which a philosophic poet is accustomed to fall when first separated from his young wife, would it not be better that he should act upon honest Falstaff's advice and "purge himself and live cleanly."

However, Wordsworth went to Inversnaid, and there wrote his poem "To a Highland Girl," and as Inversnaid is now-a-days never referred to without some mention of this wonderful damsel, and as tourists, on her account, flock to "the noisy falls made classical by Wordsworth,"* it seems absolutely necessary to quote a few lines of the poem. I prefer the opening lines, which describe the scene of the waterfall.

"Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head ;
And these gray rocks ; that household lawn ;
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake ;
This little bay ; a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode—
In truth together do ye seem
Like something fashioned in a dream."

* His wife, Mary Hutchinson.

† See the tale of "Loch-na-Diomhair," by George Cupples, in *Macmillan's Magazine* for May 1880.

Perhaps, after all, it *was* a dream, and the rustic beauty a vision : indeed, Wordsworth thus calls her. But, every season, there are hundreds of inquiries made at the Inversnaid Hotel, as to whether "the cabin small" and "the sweet Highland girl" herself still exist. As the latter, if alive, would be upwards of seventy years of age she would probably not bear inspection. For my own part, I would rather that Wordsworth had told us less about the girl and more about the fall ; and then, instead of a fancy portrait of a mythic Highland lass, seen through the sublimated rose-glasses of a passion-struck poet, we might have had a companion picture to those exquisitely-finished sketches of similar waterfalls and scenes as given in the "Poems on naming of Places," "The Evening Walk," or "The Excursion."

Professor Wilson tells a legend of another maiden of Inversnaid, which, although he narrates it in his poetical prose, would have formed a good subject for his verse. It is of a child, who, on a certain evening, got into a small boat and floated away down the loch. It will be remembered that Wordsworth also turned into verse a Highland legend which commenced in a similar way, only the hero of his adventure was a blind boy, and his bark was converted by the poet from a common boat to a turtle-shell, for which substitution, Wordsworth apologises thus :—"In deference to the opinion of a friend, I have substituted such a shell for the *less elegant* vessel in which my blind voyager did actually entrust himself to the dangerous current of Loch Leven ;" an instance of bad taste, as it seems to me, and a change which mars the truth and beauty of a poem, in which we might have expected that the author of "Peter Bell" would have been more consistent and natural.

But the little maiden of Inversnaid, in Professor Wilson's legend, floats away at nightfall, in a real boat, and, though the paddling of her oars can, for a short time, be heard, she herself is soon lost to view. In an hour, "the returning boat touched the Inversnaid shore ; but no child or other person could be seen. The parents made an ineffectual search for her, and it was not till long afterwards that they found some little white bones and gave them Christian burial, believing them to be the remains of their daughter." But not so thought many dwellers along the mountain-shores—for had not her very voice been often heard by the shepherds, when the unseen flight of fairies sailed singing along up the solitary Glenfalloch, away over the moors of Tynedrum, and down to the sweet Dalmally, where the shadow of Cruachan darkens the old ruins of melancholy Kilchurn ? The lost child's parents died in their old age ; but she, 'tis said, is unchanged in shape and features—the same fair thing she was the evening that she disappeared—only a shade of sadness is on her pale face, as if she were pining for the sound of human voices, and the gleam of the peat-fire of the shieling. Ever, when the fairy-court is seen for a moment beneath the glimpses of the moon, she is sitting by the side of the gracious queen. Words of might there are, that, if whispered at the right season, would yet recal her from the shadowy world to which

she has been spirited away ; but small sentinels stand at their stations all round the isle, and at nearing of human breath a shrill warning is given from sedge and water-lily, and like dew-drops melt away the phantoms, while mixed with peals of little laughter overhead is heard the winnowing of wings. For the hollow of the earth and the hollow of the air is their invisible kingdom, and when they touch the herbage or flowers of this earth of ours, whose lonely places they love, then only are they revealed to human eyes—at all times else to our senses unexistent as dreams."

The isle herein referred to is "the Isle of Fairies," as the fishermen call it, where, as they say, the little folk live and hold their revels. But the name might well be given to every island upon Loch Lomond, so fairy-like and beautiful do they seem, whether viewed in the strong light of the noonday, or bathed in the misty golden glimmer of sunset, or silvered into solemn whiteness by the midnight moon. It was "with lingering step and slow" that I turned away from Inversnaid, and looked my last on Loch Lomond.

THE SEVENTH AND THE TENTH OF MARCH

1863.

BY MISS SHERIDAN CAREY.

[“This was a promising alliance, the lady who concluded it having taken counsel with her God, with her heart, and her respected parents.”—Address of the Rev. Herr Bosen, Rector of Gjentofte on the presentation of a Porcelain Vase, “from the inhabitants of Gjentofte,” to Her Royal Highness The Princess ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK. Copenhagen, Feb. 19.]

[THE following poem, partly suggested by the true and beautiful remark of the Rev. Rector of the Parish of Gjentofte, and written on the eve of the Public entry into London of THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK and of Her marriage to the eldest Son of QUEEN VICTORIA, will be accepted as, in some sort, a sequel to and, in certain passages, a cadenced echo of the prose paper by Miss Sheridan Carey, which, under the title of “*The Marriage of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales*,” appeared in the March No. of “*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle*.”

In an imperfect form, the production is already in print and a few words of explanation are therefore necessary to obviate misconception.

“THE SEVENTH AND THE TENTH OF MARCH 1863,” was written on the fifth of that month, hastily revised, and sent to the office of the *Morning Herald* and the *Standard* on the afternoon of the sixth, appearing in these journals on THE SEVENTH.

The present edition of the poem is not a mere reprint: it contains portions which were omitted, owing to the unusual pressure upon the columns of the papers at the exciting moment: and these portions include not only the lines commencing

“Through this world’s wilderness,”

and terminating with the words

“His lov’d disciples to the end:”

but also the whole of the “*Envoi*,” which dedicated the Poem to Her Royal Highness.

With a view to its republication on the Tenth, some additional verses were introduced, for the completion of which time had been wanting; and a few verbal revisions given which it was hoped would have the effect of filing down occasional inequalities due to the haste inseparable from the composition of a poem of more than one hundred and thirty lines, but a few hours before it was in type and under the eyes of the reader. The *thought* exclusively received attention and the *words* in which it first presented itself were as a matter of necessity accepted, not a moment being available for the *limæ labor ac mora* which is as profitable to the work of the Poet as to that of the Sculptor. As the bronze casting, glowing from the furnace, and with the rough seams of the mould upon its surface, so was “THE SEVENTH AND THE TENTH OF MARCH” given to the Public.

It may be added: the Authoress been aware of a fact which she might have foreseen, that the wondrous gift of THE LAUREATE and the brilliant genius of the POETESS OF THE AGE, were busy with the theme, “*The Seventh and the Tenth of March*” might have remained in MS. or have been “privately printed,” a *petit nombre pour distribution intime*; but her prose was in type at “*The Caledonian Press, Edinburgh*,” before the poetry of the HON. MRS. NORTON was announced;

and her verse appeared in the London morning journals, three days before the brief but magnificent burst of welcome to the

"Sea-Kings' Daughter"

took possession of the ear of the Public and filled the brain with its ringing melody and its glorious apostrophes. E. S. C.]

THRICE happy she who, when her hand is sought,
 Pauses ere she decides, and, in the hour
 To woman fraught with lifelong weal or woe,
 Turns her to God; and, bow'd in silent pray'r,
 Beseeches light to shine upon her brain,
 And humbly craves His will divine to know:
 If right in her to yield consent, and choose
 A loyal friend upon whose arm to lean,
 Help'd by his strength; encouraged by his voice;
 Sooth'd and sustain'd with tender, watchful care
 And never changing love. They, pilgrims twain,
 Bent to one shrine and with one hope possess;
 Through this world's wilderness, pursuing, hand
 In hand, their path to their celestial home:
 Sharing each other's joy; each other's pain;
 She nerving him to faint not by the way;
 And he supporting, fond, her fragile form
 O'er the sharp flints and 'midst the cruel thorns
 That wound the feet and pierce the suff'ring brows;
 As His who died to save, and sprinkled o'er
 The *Via Dolorosa*, crimson drops, His precious blood,
 To point where He had borne the burthen of the Cross
 And, mov'd with pity, left His footprints clear,
 To guide His loved disciples to the end.

O WISE, O happy she who thus invokes
 ETERNAL WISDOM, ere she wills to act;
 And when assur'd, for is not pray'r supreme,
 Who seeks her Parents, from their lips to learn
 If they pronounce that she should thence go forth
 A bride betroth'd; for ever more to be
 A stranger to her childhood's happy home;
 With other cares and occupations sweet;
 With other duties than befall a child;
 And, troubling thought that fills her mind with fear,
 A love not theirs, perplexing, jealous, new,
 Her heart invading and contending there
 For sov'reign sway.

HAPPY if they approve,
 Who, next to God, her young allegiance claim;

Happy if they, the Authors of her days,
 Smile on her Suitor, he, her secret choice,
 On whom her pure imagination dwells
 By strong attraction led, and sympathies
 That may not be withstood : the gallant youth
 Whose outward gifts of comeliness and grace
 Subserve the inner beauties of the soul,
 As crystal shrine revealing to the gaze
 The priceless gem that, regal, shines within.
 Thrice happy, yea, who sounds her vestal heart
 And finds a sure response, peace, hope, and joy ;
 Love tender, holy, undisturb'd by doubt ;
 By selfish calculation unalloy'd ;
 Unbounded, gen'rous, trusting, fearing naught
 That time or swift vicissitudes can bring,
 Provided Heav'n break not the golden chain
 That " binds two faithful hearts in one " and makes
 Of life a blessed sojourn upon earth :
 Love that regardeth not the gauds of wealth,
 Nor grandeur's spells, nor empire's dazzling rule,
 Content and blest to share the dear One's lot,
 However cast : the shepherd's simple crook
 With wild flow'rs deck'd and ribbons, not less priz'd
 Than glitt'ring sceptre in the Monarch's grasp,
 Nor potent less : love that makes light the cares
 Of kingly state, and blunts the bitter thorns
 That keen, relentless, line full oft a crown :
 Love, pure as pray'r, by angels view'd with joy,
 On earth rever'd ; and sanctified above.

CONSULTING GOD, her parents, and her heart,
 Thrice happy she who rises from her knees,
 Conscious that she has done her duty as
 A Christian,—Daughter,—Wife elect of One,
 Accepted for himself alone, albeit his
 An empire greater than the Cæsars sway'd.

AND hers to leave her native land with tears
 That soothe the sorrow whence they flow ; with hopes
 That time shall ripen into fruit ; with sounds
 Of benediction in her ears ; with looks,
 All eloquent of love, from countless eyes
 That glist'ning gaze on her with pride ; with words
 Of peace that fall refreshing on her soul
 As dew falls on the thirsting flow'r.

AND hers
 To meet a welcome such as never yet
 The world beheld surpass'd ; some, equall'd, say :

The proudest nation on the earth prepar'd
 To greet her : all its riches, pomp and power,
 For her display'd : her escort, ships of war ;
 Her guard of honour, England's matchless troops,
 And patriot volunteers : her hosts, the flow'r
 Of all that forms our country's dearest boast
 The Wives and Daughters of our envied homes ;
 The Sons of toil ; the Magnates of the land ;
 The Princes of the blood ; and chiefest SHE,
 THE WIDOWED MAJESTY OF ENGLAND, who,
 Of grief beguil'd, shall wear once more a smile.

* * * *

ALL things shall signal joy—shall welcome speak
 To SCANDINAVIA'S PUREST PEARL : all sights,
 All sounds bring gladness to her soul and tell
 That England takes her to her mighty heart :
 Flow'rs, trophies, arches bright with blooms and wreath'd
 With verdure : oriflammes of woven gold ;
 The lion-crested banner of the Isles
 Haught tow'ring in the sun : the cannon's boom ;
 The roll of drums ; the trumpet's silver call ;
 And peal of marriage bells from steeples gay
 With flags that flout the skies of March : and, hark !
 A noise stupendous as wild ocean's roar ;
 Vast echoes : sounds confus'd that rend the air ;
 Of surging crowds,—of madly neighing steeds,—
 Of clash of swords,—of hands tumultuous clapp'd,—
 Of deaf'ning shouts and fierce hurrahs that leap
 From heart to lip of legions thrill'd with joy ;—
 A cry caught up, prolong'd, repeated o'er
 Till rings the welkin with the loud acclaim
 LONG LIVE THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA !
 LONG LIVE THE PRINCE OF WALES ! GOD SAVE THE PAIR !
 " GOD SAVE THE QUEEN ! "

ANON, succeeding swift,

The hope consummate : hands united : hearts
 For ever bound in bonds of sacred love ;
 God's blessing ; tears of tender transport : tones
 Of deep thanksgiving : words of fondest greeting
 Breath'd by those who snatch her to their arms
 And proudly hail her—DAUGHTER, SISTER, WIFE

MARCH THE SEVENTH.

ENVOI :

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

O PRINCESS !

Deign this lay, spontaneous, to receive
 In guise of reverential homage due
 To virtue, genius, beauty, goodness, grace ;—
 To all that charms the eye, the mind, the soul ;—
 That lends its brightest lustre to a Throne ;
 And rules, supreme, o'er ev'ry British heart.
 My verse is ended ; hush'd my tuneless lyre :
 What mine to say that others have not said
 In softer, sweeter strain ? What feel tow'rd's Thee
 Not felt alike by all ?

NAUGHT then remains

O Royal Bride ; lov'd Consort of the Prince
 Whose heritage is Britain's mighty Realm,
 But in one word to sum up human joys
 And wish Thee heav'n-sent happiness and peace.

MARCH THE TENTH, 1863.

ROUNABOUT LETTERS

ON

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—No. 5.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE.

DEAR MADAM,—What is flunkeyism? The term is not in Todd's edition of Johnson. You might just as well think of looking there in the hope of seeing the word Reindeer. Well, what *is* flunkeyism? I can't find any one to tell me, nor can I explain the matter to any one, so we are both of us, that is "any one" and myself, altogether at fault. A friend was kind enough to take a walk for me twice round Kensington Gardens, reflecting the whole time on the determination of a correct definition. It was not a bit of use. The nearest approach to a plausible solution of the difficulty was the opinion that flunkeyism might perhaps be construed to mean, insincere adulation. But this wont do, for a little reflection will tell us that much deceptive praise may exist without its participating in the character of flunkeyism, and may even indeed be forced on a person by the necessities of society. An instance of this just occurs to my mind. A few months since I suffered the infliction of being compelled to spend a morning in going *seriatim* through an amateur's gallery of pictures, and, what made the matter worse, with the enthusiastic amateur himself. Well, thought I, if I cannot go into raptures over this mob of pictures, I can at least follow the safe rule of holding the tongue; but we shall see. There were Turner's, the perfection, I was told, of art, yet somehow or other I was affected by a remembrance of some words I once heard a Mrs. Brown say to her daughter concerning other specimens at the Kensington Museum: "Do come away, my dear, from them perniscuous dollops of red paint—they do so put me in mind of my John when he had the scarlet fever." It must have been a bad attack though, for none of Turner's progeny took the disease mildly. Then there were some landscapes, one to my mind of so charming a nature—a bit of real English scenery, when one looks from some eminence upon half a county at once—an exclamation of delight foolishly escaped. "Ah," said my friend, "it is a pretty picture enough, but of little artistic merit."—that is, it had not the distinction of its beauty being incomprehensible to ordinary mortals. Then there were Raphaels, Paninis, a few beautiful Canelettis worth all the rest put together, and numerous others the very names of whose authors I have forgotten; and indeed I should not even have recollected a fine specimen of Julio Romano, had it not been so like another at the National Gallery which Mrs. Brown one day pointed out

to me as such an excellent painting by *Romeo and Juliet* ! At length we came before the picture of the collection, respecting which the fortunate possessor worked himself into a kind of arbitrary enthusiasm. "That," said he, "is the finest specimen of the master known ; it is an undoubted original of Guido Reni, and," he added with an emphasis, bumping his fist on the table, "whoever says it isn't I'll knock him down." Then after a pause, to give me time to admire a genius I could not recognize, and to discover beauties I could not appreciate, he observed : "It is of great importance to me to collect all the independent criticisms I can upon the authenticity of this painting ; now will you kindly give me your candid opinion?" You don't suppose, under the circumstances, that I was goose enough to express a doubt upon the subject, or even to confess my undoubted ignorance. If I had been, you may be sure that an invitation to an excellent luncheon would not have followed, or, what was of far more importance, the great object of my visit, the loan of a dear charming little early quarto of one of the plays of Shakespeare would not have been granted. Now this submission, however hypocritical and wicked, is hardly what goes by the name of flunkeyism. My friend's is not the only house I know where you must admire the pictures, if you don't wish to be drummed out of the regiment.

Without a certain amount of conventional insincerity, the world would not be a very pleasant place of residence ; and the most candid and truthful amongst us, if they do not wish to be uncommonly disagreeable, must submit to its exercise. Unless we do, in many cases it would be impossible to say to the recovering invalid, "I am glad to see you looking so much better," when it may be that, excepting for a kindly sympathy with the welfare of the whole human race, you don't care a halfpenny whether he is better or worse. Do not let us deceive ourselves into the idea that absolute truth is attainable in this world. Like all other elements of goodness, none of us can make more than an attempt at excellence. But at what point does the exercise of insincerity pass into the regions of flunkeyism? Aye, there's the rub! It is a matter in which we are apt to form opinions emanating rather from our own individual characters than from the interpretation of a well-grounded accepted definition. There are besides several variations of flunkeyism. Thus one is an undue subserviency to rank, and I take it that we shall hardly be far wrong if we say that the surest indication of genuine flunkeyism is to be found in the man who, instead of the exercise of an unvarying courtesy to all, united of course with a fair respect to rank, is subservient to his superiors, and arrogant to the crowd below him.

Regard that stout old gentleman stalking down the High Street, walking as though the whole town belonged to him, puffed up so with a sense of his own importance that he looks very much as if he had swallowed windmills for breakfast. His tailor has sent him home a pair of breeches without pockets, and doesn't he rate the tailor! Turning round the corner—I think I see him now—who should be coming up Sheep

Street but the Bishop of Worcester. "My dear Lord," says our now obsequious friend, "how delightful this unexpected meeting; how well your Lordship is looking," etc. etc., all bows, smiles, and scrapes. This old gentleman is essentially a flunkey.

It is fortunate for England that men of this stamp are not common amongst its aristocracy. The country has reason to be proud of its landed gentry, who, if they are not as fond of literature as they might and ought to be, and are too much addicted to a dislike of the word "progress," are at least generally speaking worthy of all the respect that is paid to them as men of influence, rank, gentlemanly feeling, benevolence, and integrity.

Flunkeyism must not be confused with that respect which is due to rank and station of all kinds, for the most absurd flunkey of all—a flunkey to his own foolish conceit—is the universal leveller. Let us hope that this specimen of the flunkey is becoming as rare as is the other specimen who swallowed the windmills.

Care, however, must be taken not to allow this respect to become insensibly a medium for the introduction of an aristocratic influence beyond its just bounds. It is of no use concealing the fact, and in many respects a lamentable fact it is, that the divisions of classes of society show no tendency to amalgamation; but, on the contrary, every one who has eyes must have seen that England has become more aristocratic during the last quarter of a century, and the tendency to this increase exhibits no signs of abatement. The voluble Mr. Jingle's description of Rochester will still apply to other towns:—"Queer place: dockyard people of upper rank don't know dockyard people of lower rank—dockyard people of lower rank don't know small gentry—small gentry don't know tradespeople—Commissioner don't know anybody."

The tendency alluded to would be dangerous in most countries, but in England it is fortunately neutralized by those municipal institutions which are now, as in the middle ages, the great safeguard of the independence of the middle classes. There is not now, indeed, as formerly, the same tyranny to provide against, but they are equally essential unless the people of towns desire to be completely under the control of the gentry. I am not by any means insinuating that the latter are intriguing, or even desire, to obtain this influence; but there certainly are indications abroad that matters are insensibly drifting in this direction. If provincial towns are wise, they will cling to self-government as their dearest, choicest privilege, neither interfering with the aristocracy, nor allowing the aristocracy to interfere with them; both sections of the community thus preserving that which is the essential necessity of real friendship—independence.

As Mrs. Brown said to her husband at the play, when the heroine had completed a sentimental flowery address on marital affection—"them's just my own sentiments, Brown; if I'd spoken them to my lawful 'usband, I should've used them werry words, Brown,"—so, in

regard to the observations just made, I may honestly and emphatically say—"them's my sentiments." With those sentiments I have worked what I could work in favour of the town of Stratford; for be it known that more than one person was ready to purchase the gardens of Shakespeare on other conditions, and that the responsibilities incurred by myself arose from the determination that the whole should be under the control of the governing body of the town. A corporation is a local parliament, bearing that relation to a town which the Imperial Parliament does to the nation. Let no town, even in trifling matters, surrender its parliamentary rights. Municipal institutions, I love them, I respect them, and, if in any, in that direction foremost shall for ever lie my flunkivism.

J. O. HALLIWELL.

CORDIALITY.

BY H.

A CORDIAL person is a perpetual sunbeam. I know some, the very tones of whose voice, and the sound of whose good-natured laugh, make depressed people look up, surprised to find that their clouds of misery are dissipating and the pleasant outward sunshine of human sympathy breaking through. There is the quiet cordial person, with few words, and that rare smile that tells of warmth in the heart for every one; and there is the rattling cordial person, just as kindly, but who talks and laughs more, and who is more amusing.

There is something infectious in cordiality. People cannot resist the cheery, sunny influence of one who is blessed with this charm of manner. You can scarcely define in what it consists, but you can plainly see its effects. Mrs. Threadbare has come to this large evening party, given by one of her wealthy relatives. Her husband is not rich, and cannot afford her a new dress for the important occasion. She would much rather not go in her shabby gown, which though it be her best is rusty and old-fashioned. It is a long time since she has been in company; she has had too much to do, these years, in minding her many children. And now as she sits in the drawing-room, she is thinking of all this, and perhaps fearing that Mary and Willy are getting into mischief at home. But see, her hostess takes the chair next to her: she is a cordial woman, with that kind expression in the eyes that such people have, and she is so glad to see Mrs. Threadbare there; and really, as she says so, Mrs. T. believes it, though only the moment before she had persuaded herself that the L.'s had invited her only because people would remark if they did not do so, such a near relation as she is. Mrs. L. wants to know, too, all about the children and hopes Mr. T. will drop in after business hours, and when she removes her pleasant influence to some other part of the room, there is a smile on "poor relation's" face, that smooths her wrinkles, and presently she begins to talk in a small way to her neighbour. She will forget herself soon, and really enjoy the evening: she will not feel quite so anxious, when Mr. T. comes, lest the business cares which he cannot entirely dismiss from his mind, should make him absent or surly! and she will go home with a heart cheered and comforted by finding that, after all, everybody does not look down on them because of their poverty.

Then there is that gentleman who has been asked because he has travelled a great deal, and gained much curious information. Mrs. L. knows that his conversation combines, like children's books, "amusement with instruction," if he can only be persuaded to emerge from the shell of reserve

into which sensitiveness and pride have caused him to withdraw. Something has happened to put him out ; perhaps he is disappointed not to find himself quite such a lion as he expected ; certainly no one but Mrs L. could induce him, now that conversation is flagging, to amuse the company with an account of the feeding of sacred crocodiles in an Indian lake, or a description of his trip to Killarney last summer. But she will conquer in the end, for he cannot long remain dignified and superior, while she receives with such unfeigned interest the crumbs of information which he deigns to let fall.

There is not a more truly cordial individual than the Irish peasant. When you enter his cottage to shelter from the rain, he never thinks of its being an intrusion. "Shure you're kindly welcome, yer honour : won't ye sit down ?" How quickly the chair or old stool is dusted for you ! How instantly and entirely he is interested about you ; watching far more anxiously than yourself for the rain to cease, and yet when you are going he seems sorry to part with you. If you are a lady, perhaps you will be offered a cloak, one of those picturesque, blue-cloth, hooded cloaks which are worn by the peasant women in the south, but which we are sorry to say, are quickly giving place to the English shawl and bonnet, not nearly so graceful, and much less suited to the variable climate.

On a raw Christmas eve, years ago, I visited a very old Irish woman, whose husband had once worked for my grandfather. I shall never forget her welcome, her trembling eagerness to get me seated close by the little stick fire on the hearth ; and how, crouching down by me, she even pulled my feet close to the hot embers, all the time blessing me, and talking as fast as her age and asthma would allow her. She would not let me go away till I had partaken of the loaf which was baking in a pot-oven on the fire ; and she brought out, too, a print of butter from a drawer in the dresser : I need not say how good it tasted.

With what a charm, with what an added value, a few kind words come from the lips of a cordial man ! How readily we trust him, and how even the most determined misanthrope is conquered for a moment and obliged to confess that after all, there seems to be such a thing as genuine kindness in the world. For cordiality is but the outpouring of sincerity and real goodness of heart, as indeed the word indicates.

There is such a thing as spurious cordiality. A kind of overstrained, exaggerated imitation of it, which either simply causes a smile, or else excites suspicion. You feel at once that it is to much of a good thing : that there must be some object to be gained, by such excessive interest, such gushing sympathy. No, if people are not naturally cordial, they had much better be content to appear cold and undemonstrative ; but it would be better still if they would go to the root of the matter, and cultivate those kindly unselfish feelings, which seek and find their natural expression in cordiality of manner.

OUR "SIX-HUNDRED-THOUSAND."

PART THE SEVENTH.*

THE SURPLUS WOMEN. THE GOVERNESS; HER PROFESSION, AND PROSPECTS.

WE closed the sixth of these somewhat desultory papers with an audacious recommendation to such of our public as it might concern, to "EDUCATE THEIR DAUGHTERS."

It was no doubt a very unexpected piece of advice: "very superfluous," in the opinion of some; "very extraordinary," according to others; and "an uncommon great liberty," in the vernacular of Anna-Jemima's Mamma.

"As if Anna-Jemima wasn't educated and a hundred-a-year paid to Mrs. Triplegentee! to finish her!"

And the lady, tossing her head, her turban and her Paradise plume, has looked red and wrathful ever since.

Alas, and alack-a-day, what can we do? how soothe the ire and wounded dignity of Mrs. B.—how persuade her that Mrs. Triplegentee's "system" is not everything; not even "board and residence, bed-room fire and candle; laundress and sitting in church;" how convince her that when the market is glutted with immature governesses, improvised by adversity or death, it is high time to consider that "education" a sham which in the hour of need gives poor Anna-Jemima no alternative but to make one of the multitude of disheartened bread-seekers, too well born for dependence, too genteel for servitude, or too delicate for manual labour? How reason the matter with our wealthy and sceptical friend?

Allons.

Can it be too often repeated that the governess-mart is *overstocked*; that there is no longer standing room for the throng of competitors eager to be engaged, "hired" we were about to say, seeing that the Law calls the young person a "servant" and that "the lady" styles her "*her governess*" not her children's: but we correct ourselves in time, and deferentially salute the fair, the timid, and the friendless knocking at the door of the unfamiliar house over whose threshold she is about to pass into that *terra incognita*, an employer's dwelling. *Overstocked*? Yes: and the crowd still increasing; growing more dense, impatient, and anxious; more

* For the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth, papers of this series, vide "*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle*," November and December 1862, and January, February, April, and May, 1863.

weary and woful ; north, south, east, and west sending their contingent from all the decayed families and poor professionals ; and from all the ambitious little traders and shopkeepers whose fondest hope is to make a "governess," *id est* "a lady," of "Sally" or "Polly ;"—Sally or Polly disdainfully declaring that abbreviations are "not genteel," and desiring accordingly to be called "Miss Sarah" or "Miss Mary" with the addition of "the latest fashionable name" in favour with Royalty.

Overstocked ? truly ; and much of what is offered on demand, not of the right sort ; much that is accepted as fine gold, found to be lacquered latten on trial : a prodigious gathering of material unfitted for the object in view, but whose every hope in life—nay in too many cases whose life itself—hangs upon being chosen by some anxious parent in search of a governess ; or some idle or overworked Principal wanting a help.

Yet the common idea is expressed in the words, "Well if the worst comes to the worst, Mary-Jane and Georgiana-Julia can turn their education to account ;" and uneasiness is removed ; every one is satisfied—Papa and Mamma and the young ladies' brothers—all in fact but the young ladies themselves who, looking in the glass or running their hands over the piano, perhaps think that with their merits and accomplishments they might do better. Heigh Ho !

And this, the governess-class of "our six-hundred-thousand," has increased, is increasing, and, we have sore misgivings, will continue to increase for some time to come.

"What would you have the girls do?" exclaims some earnest and angry matron, "they can't go to service or take in needlework."

No, truly they cannot ; or rather they would not, if they could avoid it : yet the position of a toad-eater or nursery-governess is barely above that of a menial ; and fingers fair, taper, and aristocratic have, ere this, learnt to ply the needle for bread and to make shirts for "a living."

It should not be so ; and it would not be so, if the signs of the times were wisely interpreted ; if parents, profiting by the portents, educated their daughters, not, as hitherto, upon Mrs. Triplegentee's "system," but with a view to the probability of their being fated, when women, to support themselves—their husbands and their children ; and, above all, if they remembered that as the Creator has vouchsafed to His creatures a *diversity of gifts*, so in the education imparted, *individual aptitude ought to be carefully ascertained and as carefully cultivated.*

The ready preference accorded to "tuition," as a means of subsistence for young women of real or supposed education, is very natural and easily understood : the teacher is a *professor* : the odium of trade is avoided ; the sin of selling over the counter ; and the degradation of exercising any "finger accomplishment" more novel and less sacred than that of music and embroidery, are conscientiously and cleverly shunned. The particular profession is very possibly in the position of a ferry-boat loaded with an excess of passengers, one half of whom may, nay must, go down in the struggle to cross the river ; it matters not ; the travellers do not know

their danger and they crowd into the bark without a fear. The daughter of a decayed gentleman ; of a poor curate with a large family ; of a gallant officer on half-pay, may go forth from home as a governess ; and the mortification to the parents is lessened by the power of disguising the facts : their curious neighbours and the little world about them which the human vanity, common to us all, magnifies into the proportions of the great globe itself, may "suspect"—may "feel convinced," may "know for a certainty"—that the eldest daughter of the Crosbys ; of poor dear Mr. Sadly of Saint Ann's ; or of good old Captain Woodenwall, "has been obliged to take a situation, poor thing, and how they pity her !" but the same kind considerate neighbours, the same prying, peeping, sympathizing world cannot prove the accusation : the young lady's aunt or grandmamma, living in a distant part of Her Majesty's dominions, may have sent for her on a visit ; or chosen to adopt her. And the delusion is kept up ; and the cruel necessity of dismissing a daughter to earn the bread she eats and the gown she wears, is fondly presumed to be a secret. Again ; the *gentility* of a profession, while soothing to the irritated pride of the poor gentlemen, lay and clerical, and of the gallant sea-captain, has irresistible attractions for the vanity of the lower ten thousand. Whether wisely or not, the less privileged seek to place their children above themselves in station ; each man's son *must* stand upon a higher step of the ladder than the young gentleman's "Governor ;" each man's daughter be made "a lady." A corner-house fresh-painted, with green-blinds, white steps, a red lamp, a "Surgery," and a bright brass plate engraven—

"DR. FREDERIC WILLIAM AUGUSTUS ALLSPICE :

SURGEON, ETC."

lift Master Billy into the high place that the grocer's spouse desired for her boy ; while Mrs. Triplegentee's "system," and a year's "finishing" at "Classic-Shades Seminary," enable "Sally," otherwise Miss Sarah Adelaide Victoria Allspice, to make her *débüt* as governess in the nursery of some rich or semi-genteel family ; compensated for her toils and tears by the privilege of admission into the drawing-room "to play to the company ;" a drive in the carriage with the children ; and the opportunity of going to the sea-side or the Continent with her employers. Ah ! but there is a brighter star shining in the sky of the aspiring girl, and, as she watches it, morn, noon and eve—for this star never sets, never grows dim, never coyly hides behind a cloud—the blushing, blue-eyed, fair-haired young creature meditates on the delightful chance of captivating some susceptible minor or sexagenarian of rank, and wearing a coronet through a brilliant match. You laugh, ladies ? how very uncivil. Have not governesses ere this married Russian noblemen in—"Once a week" ?

Glittering soap-bubbles on this hand : the blind confidence of the ostrich on that ; and the ferry-boat continues to receive passengers and to groan and tremble beneath the rush and pressure of the doomed.

The reluctance felt by persons to descend in the scale of what too

many of us agree to name "respectability," is no doubt entitled to full and tender consideration. That the widow of a gentleman should recoil from the idea of binding her daughter apprentice to a dressmaker or sending her to serve in a shop, is natural, nay more, becoming. We would not have it otherwise : if the father's shield must be turned to the wall of the modest apartment in which the mother has taken refuge, in the name of chivalry let it be kept from mildew. But pride and prejudice may be nobly combatted when the whole future of the dead man's child hangs on the decision : whether it is to be a fair prospect of honourable self-support ; or a questionable chance, shared with thousands more or less qualified to draw the one prize in five hundred Nos. ;—whether the choice humanly speaking shall ensure a home at all times and seasons, with sufficiency of food, fire and raiment, and with something of the intellectual pabulum dear to the gifted mind and necessary to keep the soul from languishing unto death in the barren and dusty byways of life ;—or whether it shall offer the reverse ; a precarious subsistence, bread earned with difficulty and often eaten in bitterness ; many slights and many perils ; much cool contempt from the lady ; and a world of insolence from "high life below stairs"—from Mademoiselle Pauline, the Page, and Yellow-plush :—a painful wearisome, heart-crushing, soul-starving *métier* that leaves nothing for the dim future ; for ill health, old age and infirmity, but a poor dole, a little room dark with the shadows of penury ; an almshouse or an hospital.—Courage ! there are, or shall be, God willing, occupations to choose among, for the gentle-born. At present the only genteel profession easily open to young women in this country is that of teaching ; it is popularly thought, to require no special talent or training ; no wonderful intellect ; and no vocation : hence it is the common resource of those who have neither fortune nor relatives able or inclined to support them. To sink no lower than they can help ; to rise as high as they can : such is the desire of the multitude : no wonder, therefore, that Mrs. Stone's *one* advertisement for a governess was answered by *five hundred* applicants ; and that, as the Rev. John Garrett informs us, the fifteen pounds-per-annum appointment in the nursery, "to teach the young idea how to shoot," was eagerly sought for by *four hundred and fifty* candidates. And we have a surplus female population of "Six-hundred thousand," all unmarried,—and two-thirds dependent upon their talents, their education, or their industry for support.

Will it be objected that in rubbing in the sketch of our "governess," we have worked even more saddeningly than Redgrave ; that we have taken up the pencil of Fuzeli ; and dipped our brush in the gloomy colours of Caravaggio ? Have we exaggerated ? We doubt it. And if of the countless thousands who in the capacity of "private governess" have expended not only their youth, its bloom and beauty and hopefulness, but the ripened energies, the nobler thought, the graver earnestness of life's meridian ; if of the scattered multitude of worn and weary women who have acquitted themselves of the arduous responsibilities of an office

the importance and dignity of which are but partially recognized, we were able to indicate those whose modest expectations of considerate treatment, comfort and competence have not been disappointed, we might marvellously aid the object we propose. If we could summon from the shadowy ranks of *les anciennes institutrices* those who never knew what it was to be out of a situation, without home, family and friends; whose salary was "liberal," health unbroken, occupation sweet, employer courteous, and pupil affectionate and clever; those who never trembled in sick suspense, hungry and sorrowful, as the scowl of poverty and want dismayed them; when day after day came and went; night after night closed in,—and *no engagement*; when the rent of the garret chamber fell into arrears, the meal grew scantier, the landlady less polished, the maid-of-all-work familiar; when rain, and wind, and dust, and sun took it in turn to do their worst by the turned silk, and the faded velvet, and the dyed ribbons, and the cleaned straw, and the thin poor boots of the governess in quest of an engagement with four hundred and ninety-nine competitors beside her:—Ah, dear ladies and gentlemen, if we could but reckon up the number of those fortunate candidates who, after an arduous, useful and honourable career, have retired from the profession upon a sufficiency for the rest of their days, we might find food for sorrowful sympathy with the majority; and you, loving mothers and anxious fathers, reason to pause and ponder long and seriously before educating your dear girls for the too often perilous and profitless *métier* of "governess in a gentleman's family."

Perilous? yes. Have we not glanced at the vicissitudes of a career which, as a rule, makes no real home for the one who has entered upon it; which gives her none but a negative position; throws over her no shield or protection; and is often made up of a broken chain of engagements the intervals between which are marked by privation and struggle, failing funds, the last shilling, the last pair of shoes, the last hope.

O poor nature, how terrible the trials! O youth, O beauty and inexperience, how wily the tempter, how seemingly innocent the toils! The highly respectable French family; the high salary; the deferential treatment; the command of the carriage; the two pupils; the easy duty; the guaranteed three-years' engagement; the honourable agent, *with the English name*, in the *Rue Paradis-Poissonnière*; how fair, how liberal, how advantageous, how desirable! What unwarned and guileless young female could have suspected that a snare crueller than that which deprives the bird of its liberty and life, lay hidden beneath these golden promises? and how many pure and trusting creatures, unacquainted with the monstrous perfidy of the wicked, may not have been saved from destruction by the initiative of "*The London Society for the Protection of Young Women*," and the courage, vigilance, and sagacity of Mr. IGNATIUS POLLAKY of "*The Home and Foreign Inquiry Office*."

What becomes of the "governesses" as a body? Do they all lay up money in the Savings'-Bank; all get pensions from grateful parents; or

buy annuities ; or set up schools and, waxing wealthy, marry the drawing-master, the doctor, or the dentist of the establishment ?

We know not : do you, dear readers of "*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle ?*"

In France, Belgium and other continental countries, the *Institutrice*, having completed the education of her *élève* and, in many cases, having spent her best years in one family, finds herself partially if not wholly provided for in age by a *rente-viagère* derived from her employers, and this, not as a recent writer in one of the London monthlies very incorrectly described it, as a reward for fawning subservieny to the young lady committed to her charge ; but as a token of grateful and affectionate appreciation of the conscientious performance of duties almost maternal.

In our country we do not think of settling an annuity upon the governess of our daughters : we pay and dismiss her when she is sick ; or her mission in our family is terminated ; and ordinarily we think no more about her : she formed part of our household ; she leaves like the lady's-maid or the nurse ; and the matter ends. True ; not one amongst us has had the *triste courage* to profit by the example of the "Christian gentlewoman," who ticketed "her" governess like a dog, hurried her out of the house and sent her with fever in her veins, to be lifted by porters into a railway carriage, carried speechless and dying on board a steamer, and put on shore in France to breathe her last sigh among strangers before the friends summoned by the keeper of the hotel had time to reach the bed-side of their relative. No : we do not do these things ; but we betray a selfishness and a want of generous sympathy and graceful acknowledgment as regards one to whom we have confided the minds of our children. The agreement is as with a menial or day labourer ; so much work, so much wages : no allowance in sickness ; no donation in old age.

It is true, all round this great Metropolis ; in every salubrious suburb, and every new neighbourhood where trees and fields have given place to "Terraces" and "Crescents," and "Roads," and "Gardens" whose floral features are yet to come, "Ladies' Establishments" spring up. The professional door-plate is unfashionable, but the fact of the school is made apparent in the pleasantest way imaginable when some dozen fair-faced, handsome English girls, with sparkling eyes beaming from beneath their hats, issue from the gates of the "Lodge," "House," or "Villa" and, under the prudent auspices of the "head-teacher" or the "lady-principal," divide with you the privilege of the *trottoir* and leave upon your brain a bright vision of loveliness and joy—the scent of flowers and the sound of music. Are we to conclude that the middle-aged or elderly mistress of the young ladies' boarding-school is to the "private governess" what the full fledged butterfly is to the chrysalis ? In plain prose, for we are no poet, was she in her teens and when life smiled on the sunny side of thirty, "a governess," "nursery" or otherwise, in (always of course) a gentleman's or nobleman's family ? And if she was, *why* did she resign

what we are told is regarded as the more "*aristocratic*" form of the profession—*why* condescend to open a school or "commence an establishment" in which the daughters of the Nobility and Gentry being minus, those of the butcher, the baker, the linen-draper, and the grocer are benignantly received and "liberally boarded and educated" for a certain sum paid quarterly that, "to fill up a few unexpected vacancies," is considerably below the terms of the prospectus. *Why?* Perhaps to secure a home of her own: to be relieved from the terror of finding herself ever and anon, in failing health, strength and spirits; or, in the evening of her days, without means and without a roof whose protection she could command as her due.

Some may esteem it "a substantial recompense for a few years spent among amiable children, in the families of the wealthy, with no doubt a proper share of amusement and many opportunities for improvement." Indeed we are convinced that some will say it. And we grant that *if* every hard-worked resident governess were able, at the end of the "few years," to start herself in a school of her own, with a fair connection and a reasonable prospect of success; *if* her education, ability, perseverance, and professional experience met their due reward in the shape of a flourishing establishment with no drawback from pecuniary defaulters, or want of punctuality in the quarterly payment of school-bills; no drain of pupils by the sudden appearance, next door, of a competitor with a diploma, high patronage, and a wonderful mode of tuition; no menaced extinction in the inauguration of a "College for Female Students" with a very dignified Lady-Principal in black moire; a host of sub-governesses; and a score-and-a-half of bearded Professors, English, French, German, Spanish, and Italian, each with a decade of the alphabet affixed to his name; *if* in short, the scholastic *métier* was not overcrowded, choked-up, weighed down, and grimly discouraging as a means of subsistence; *if*, to come back to our stupid metaphor, the ferry-boat was not loaded within an inch of deep water—why so far as £ s. d. are concerned, the private governess might be one of the happiest as one of the best-paid individuals under the sun. And more than this; *if* such were the case, mothers and fathers, favoured with many daughters and but moderate prospects of "settling" them, could not do better than persist in the one idea and destine each of the nine girls to wield in due season—

"The birch?"

O dear, no: even in dame-schools, that ancient implement of discipline is laid up in lavender: and Mrs. Triplegentel has fairly swooned at the mention of so vulgar an instrument of torture;—no, Sir;—to wield "the rod of empire" in that miniature kingdom—a school.

But it is not the case: no such good fortune awaits on all. Of governesses, some never emerge from the chrysalis stage; some take wing and get married; some turn to another pursuit; and many, too many wither into old age and solitude with not a hope for earth to realize. And of those who, with rare courage, "set up for themselves" with two "junior"

young ladies and one pale little boy to begin with ; *if* at the end of a hard struggle, some, being economical and easily satisfied, "make it answer," others do not ; are "sold up ;" or silently disappear and are heard of no more.

Pride, perhaps made more sensitive by adversity ; prejudice, very respectable but probably out of date and obstructive ; with the almost total want of suitable employment for well-born and well-bred young women thrown upon their own resources for bread, concur to leave no door open to them but that of tuition. A "profession" is the *sine-qua-non* : and as that of Painting seems almost ignored ; as of the many candidates but few feel equal or disposed to make Music their *gagne-pain* ; as the old and beaten track along which dense and daily increasing throngs of females are making the pilgrimage of life, in more or less hope, in more or less fear and sorrow and sickness of heart,—as this old and beaten track is, on each side, walled in by gloomy trees and a high, thick and thorny hedge which exclude a view of the country beyond and prevent the fact being suspected that afar, in the fresh air and the glad sunshine, lie other and less cumbered paths to support and maintenance than the old, beaten, and barren track where so many faint by the wayside, so many are borne down in the crush, and so few find that they seek—why the daughters of the decayed gentleman, the poor curate and the half-pay officer are all made "Governesses,"—the more's the pity.

So in time, when the chrysalis expands into the butterfly, there are too many "Seminaries" and "Morning classes," and "Happy-homes" for the female olive-plants of "the Nobility, Gentry, merchants, and West-end shopkeepers" to admit of the "homes" being "happy" to the troubled and anxious owners. The "limited number" is never exceeded ; alas, it is seldom attained : the "One hundred guineas per annum" is too often a figure of speech only, gratifying to the vanity of mamma when on the prospectus, but coarsely ignored by papa in payment. In the meantime, Lady-day, Midsummer, Michaelmas, and Christmas come round with unfailing punctuality ; the landlord looks in ; and the taxes are called for ; the Professors have much need of money and cannot wait for their fees ; the tradesmen of the establishment, with no daughters eligible for admission, are inconveniently addicted to sending in their bills ; and "cook" and "housemaid" "would thank Miss Smith for their wages as they want them ever so bad."

And with all this, "appearances" must be maintained ; the machinery kept going ; and *it is*, till one fine morning or pitch dark night it suddenly comes to a *stand-still*.

Of course we do not mean to imply an opinion that all teachers and governesses are doomed to toil and poverty : the notion would be as silly and unfounded as the too popular belief that every governess in a private family is gifted, educated and amiable ; her employer, mean, cruel and tyrannical. Nor do we desire to insinuate that all "Seminaries," "Morning classes," and "Happy-Homes" are quicksands that engulf the unfortu-

nate proprietors. We see too many proofs to the contrary : we hear of quiet comfort and a modest competence enjoyed in the evening of life by worthy and excellent women retired from the profession ; of handsome incomes realized in the direction of educational establishments ; and we know that brilliant talent, high intellect, and minds cultivated far beyond what is commonly but erroneously thought necessary in those who teach, have been and are to be found within the boundaries of a school-room.

But the success of the few does not disprove the bitter fact that it is not the many who find a sure resource in the *métier* of governess : they sow, but do they reap ? The harvest—is it not scant for the multitudes who depend on it for bread ? And if the golden sheaf falls to some one here and there, do not the sparse ears, thinly scattered, find a population of pallid gleaners competing with each other for the wretched straws ?

Of the three thousand educated and respectable young women, with excellent testimonials, who applied to Mr. Morrish for the situation of waitress in the English Refreshment-rooms of the International Exhibition of 1862, it would be curious and instructive to learn *how many* were governesses without occupation to whom the place was *as the plank to the drowning man*.

May we not peer through the high thick hedge, dear fathers and mothers of many daughters ? Shall the sharpness of the thorns affright us, the venerable age, the knotted roots and ivied branches of *ces arbres séculaires* inspire us with too much awe ? Nay ; beyond the scowling barrier are fertile plains and fruitful vineyards ; beyond are waving fields in which the harvest is plenteous and the labourers are not too many : profitable toil, pleasant and praiseworthy employment may there be found. And in those vineyards and corn fields, your dear ones, when alone, may labour, happy though not idle ; peaceful though self-dependent ; safe and prosperous though having only the *Father of the fatherless* to look down upon them.

Patience ! for the well-born and the well-bred, for the gifted and the educated among women there shall be, ere long, other and surer bread than that of "*The Poor Teacher*," and the care-worn "*GOVERNESS*."

E. S. C.

May 15th, 1863.

[“The eighth part of OUR SIX-HUNDRED-THOUSAND,” will appear (D.V.) in “*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle*” for July.]

DICKENS'S WORKS: A SERIES OF CRITICISMS

BY S. F. WILLIAMS,
AUTHOR OF "CRITICAL ESSAYS."

No. 1.—"THE STORY OF LITTLE DOMBEY."

AN unsurpassable power of infinite irresistible humour, of exhaustless genial fun, of elaborate Dutch painting, of delineating character—particularly whatsoever therein is ludicrous and eccentric, of deep pathos—pathos which awakens the profoundest sympathies and melts the stoniest hardness,—constitute the genius of Dickens. The comicality of "Pickwick" is ever new and fresh; the humour grows not stale; the fun is ever hearty; the immortal *Samivel* and his inimitable father, Sam's exploits "with the woters," the action for breach of promise of marriage, the strife of the rival editors,—all are as vivid, as brilliant, as delightful, as resistlessly laughable, as productive of convulsions now, as when the book first appeared. Considering its comic wealth, it is incomparably the best of Dickens's productions. But the present general admiration of Dickens as a humourist is not only greater and more unqualified than his deserts warrant, but it likewise causes us to overlook the touching pathos, and the intense humanity revealed on page after page, in character, incident, and scene. His humour, so genuine, so rich, so broad (at least in "Pickwick"), absorbs our impulsive feelings; but the deep powerful tenderness so often exhibited win our affections, and knit our heart to his. The humour provokes us to a flood of laughter; but the pathos moves our holiest feelings, and blends our warmest sympathy with his. The humour completely overwhelms us with irrepressible delight; but the pathos moves us to deep sorrow and tears. We swell with unbounded admiration at the drollery of the characters in "Pickwick;" at the fun poured forth in the famous case of Bardell *versus* Pickwick; at the fight between Old Weller and Mr. Stiggins at the Brick Lane temperance meeting; at the cricket match, and the election; at the review at Chatham; at the part Weller takes in the law case; but our heart is moved to its core by the death of the poor Chancery prisoner, and we feel that that is touching. We confess to the possession of higher and nobler emotions when reading in "Oliver Twist" of the cruel murder of Nancy, and of the poor dying mother in the work-house, than when following Bill Sykes, Fagin, Crackit, and the Artful Dodger, though these are forcibly portrayed. How vastly different the effect! The one supplying infinite amusement; the other unfolding our better nature, and elevating us by its purity, by its ardent sympathy with our joys and sorrows and woes: the one providing us

with an hour's glorious fun ; the other uniting us to the world as brother to brother. We are brought into contact with human life in the "Old Curiosity Shop," where little Nell gains absorbing interest, so sweet, so pure is she withal, so touchingly told is her death. Dick Swiveller and Codlin are comical exceedingly, and are veritable offsprings of the father of "Pickwick ;" but little Nell and her grandfather closely belong to us by all that is good, and tender, and compassionate in our nature. The relation to us of the comedian, and of the Punch show proprietor is foreign indeed ; but the girl and the old man are ours by their naturalness, by the universality of their life, and by the deep pathos of the story of her lingering illness, and of her slow gradual-coming death.

Thus it is : Dickens, with his humour, contributes to our robust English love of jollity ; with his deep, simple, unaffected pathos, to our human love and heart of affection. Alternately we laugh and weep ; but our emotions, in the latter case, ennoble us. Read, for instance, "Dombey and Son"—that book of many sad and mournful, and of some revolting, scenes, and of repulsive characters ; in most respects, and considered as a whole, a book of sorrow and gloom. We hate the cold proud Dombey, with his intensified selfishness ; we are disgusted with the politic match-making, and the soulless love-stratagems of Mrs. Dombey's mother ; we follow in pity and compassion the brutally neglected Florence, with her ineffectual efforts to win a haughty father's love ; we admire the bluntness and straightforwardness of Captain Cuttle, with his paternal-like care for Walter ; we are infinitely amused with Mr. Toots and his comical self-importance ; we smile at the pedantic Doctor Blimber, with his polite formalities, and his immortal learned dinner speech ; we read again the words of flashing indignation poured forth in startling, wondrous energy by Mrs. Dombey upon her husband and the repulsive Carker : but the best part of the book is that wherein the life of thoughtful little Paul is described. So truthful, so pathetic is this picture, that we linger over it with fondness, and with weeping eyes. In the whole multitude of Dickens's creations there is nothing more deeply touching. It inspires us with tenderest sympathy, and with sweet holy thoughts. It is a glance into one phase of our humanity—so deep that it reveals a part of the universal soul, that it finds a response in the depths of our being. For, from Paul's birth to his beautiful death, we cling most tenderly to the loved shadow-like little boy. We love him for those quaint ideas, for those startling questions, for those quiet meditations by the fireside, for his old mature manners, for his wondrous imaginings ; and we love him all the more that he is so simple, and artless, and unconscious. Truly, it is a beautiful picture ; a drama of pathos and of tragedy ; an ideal so fine that we care not to inquire whether it be a counterpart of life. It is brief, but perfect ; and free from those overdone and laboriously minute descriptions which frequently give Dickens's Dutch paintings an unnatural indistinctness. It is so affecting (but not sentimental), that Paul is for

ever wedded to our hearts. Perhaps he is enshrined there, not because of his rarity, not because of his quiet, strange thoughtfulness, but because of the little incidents which contribute to the picture—because, more than all, of that ever-coming, touching question: "Floy, what are the wild waves saying?" For, we cannot think of him without also thinking of the ceaseless murmuring sea, and how his little life was wrapt up in listening to its solemn language, how he fancied it was beckoning him, how he waited for it to come and bear him away; how, at last, it carried his boat to the far-off unknown shore, on whose banks he saw his mother standing in the glory of divine light. Ah! how calm and touching is that picture!

But Paul's short life, though strange and meditative, is not solitary, for it is blended in deep affection, and in simple, childlike, confiding love with that of Florence. Floy is his happiness and life, and "he wants nothing more." How he sits by her side, watching the mysterious sea, and asking her to interpret to him its unknown tongue; how quietly he tells the children to go away and play, that they come not between him and his sister, that they deaden not the voice of the waters; how his young heart is so fused with hers that he tells her he should die of "being sorry and lonely," were he far away from her; how eagerly, intensely he looks at the horizon and asks her, "what place is over there?" how he says to Dr. Blimber that he "had rather be a child," and his hand strayed a little way the while, a little farther—farther from him yet—until it lighted on the neck of Florence: "this is why," it seemed to say; how he watched, and waited, and longed for the "happy Saturdays, when Florence always came for Paul at noon, and never would, in any weather, stay away;" how, at Dr. Blimber's, she played sweet music at his tender request, how she sang to him a sweet song with her golden voice, and how it so thrilled him that he wept joyous tears at the dear loved music; how, unceasingly, lying on his little bed, watching the golden ripple on the wall, and thinking evermore of the swift rapid river, he dreams of it coming on resistlessly, and tells his dream to Floy; how he ever says to her, so mournfully, so plaintively, "it is bearing me away, I think!" how, at last, "sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together;" and then Paul was carried by the river to the ocean, on whose shore he saw the vision of his mother. What a fine, perfect picture of imperceptible fading into death!

GERALD MASSEY.

BY JOHN PLUMMER.

THE fiery-souled yet honest-hearted and sturdy Radical of Sheffield, Ebenezer Elliot, the Corn Law Rhymer, said that poetry was "impassioned truth," and although the definition might be objected to by the analytical philosopher, yet it correctly describes the productions of one who has been compelled to fight his way forward in the world, like the knight-minstrels of old, with sword in one hand, and harp in the other. The poetry of Gerald Massey is indeed Truth in its most impassioned phase, otherwise the words of the poet could not have found an echo in the hearts of the people, or have lingered so long in the recesses of their memory. The author of the "Ballad of Babe Christabel" is essentially a poet of the people, and to the fact that in his early life he had shared much of their misery, joys, and aspirations, may be traced the secret of his bold and impassioned energy. Before the poet may give utterance to those strains which impart to him a power greater than that wielded by the proudest ruler, he must have learned to suffer; his pale and aching brow must have been torn with the thorny crown of pain and anguish; and the iron of despair must have entered his trembling soul. Otherwise, his efforts will betray their false origin, they will not be the productions of truth, and the rudest child of the muses will possess an advantage over him, like poor John Clare, who sang—

"O Poverty, thy frowns were early dealt
O'er him who mourn'd thee, not by fancy led
To whine and wail o'er woes he never felt,
Staining his rhymes with tears he never shed,
And heaving sighs a mock song only bred!
Alas! he knew too much of every pain,
That shower'd full thick on his unshelter'd head;
And as his tears and sighs did erst complain,
His numbers took it up, and wept it o'er again."

Had not Gerald Massey, in his childhood, even up to the years of manhood, drank deeply of the bitterness of life; had not his child-life realized with terrible force the burning lines of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, wherein she pleads, with all her womanly earnestness of purpose, the cause of the little children; had he not known that wild, fierce, uncontrollable, and agonizing despair, which only the utterly poor can feel; he would have been no poet. At times his words may seem exaggerated, but only to those who have not suffered as the poor sometimes suffer. At this very moment there are in Lancashire thousands of sad and hope-

weary hearts which involuntarily murmur the thoughts expressed by Massey, in his "Cry of the Unemployed."

" 'Tis hard, 'tis hard, to wander on through this bright world of ours,
Beneath a sky of smiling blue, on velvet paths of flowers,
With music in the woods, as there were naught but joyance known,
Or angels walk't earth's solitudes, and yet with want to groan ;
To see no beauty in the stars, nor in God's radiant smile,—
To wail and wander misery curst ! willing, but cannot toil.
There's burning sickness at my heart, I sink down famish'd !
God of the Wretched, hear my prayer, I would that I were dead !"

We hear much of the misdeeds of our toiling brethren ; of the intemperance, improvidence, and evil habits which exist amongst them ; and of their reckless and mischievous prejudices ; but we do not hear so much of the heavy trials which they are called on, day after day, to endure, or of the noble and heroic qualities so frequently displayed by them in the hour of tribulation and sorrow. Was it to be expected that knowing this, after having felt the brand of poverty sink into his quivering nature, the poet-soul of Massey could remain silent ? Perhaps his verses may seem too strong, too burning, too impulsive for the present generation ; but a loud voice was needed to startle the world from its Mammon-worship, and to proclaim how the poor, cold and shivering forms, that crouched in the cheerless homes of our alleys and lanes, were human like ourselves ; that they were—

"The poor milk-lambs of the human fold,
Who had no milk to drink ;"

and that they could appreciate as keenly as ourselves, if not more so, the eternal loveliness of Nature and the everlasting smile of Love. The nation needed to be told of its workers, and how—

"From cockerow until starlight, very patiently they plod ;
A sea of human faces turning sadly up to God."

So Gerald Massey came forth, and, in his own impassioned and touching way, sang the people's song. No marvel that his voice thrilled through the land, that the eyes of stern men were moistened and their hearts softened, or that Labour's soul swelled with new-born hope. Flashing in its brilliancy, noble in its purpose, earnest in its aim, grand in its ambition, decorated with the garlands of youth and love, and clad in the kingly purple of genius, the poet nature revealed itself, and bade us kneel down, in love and admiration, to render our homage at the shrine of the Worker poet. Well deserves he the fame and applause bestowed upon him. True to the interests of the order from which he sprang, Massey has endeavoured to lighten their burdens, by the utterance of his strains of hope and promise. Amid the clanging of the wheels, the ceaseless din of the hammers, the whirring of the looms, and the roar of the engines, his melodies must have revived the hearts of the poor workers, even as the grassy meadows are refreshed by the cooling summer-rain.

"Hope on, hope ever! after the darkest night,
 Comes, full of loving life, the laughing morning;
 Hope on, hope ever! Spring-tide, flush with light,
 Aye crowns old Winter with her rich adorning.
 Hope on, hope ever, yet the time shall come
 When man to man shall be a friend and brother;
 And this old world shall be a happy home,
 And all Earth's family love one another!
 Hope on, hope ever."

The scorn of the poet for the Mammon-worshippers of the present generation does not render him unjust; he knows that there are loving hearts yet which can feel and sympathize with the poor and suffering, and so he sings—

"There's no dearth of kindness
 In this world of ours,
 Only, in our blindness,
 We gather thorns for flower
 * * * * *
 Full of kindness tingling,
 Soul is shut from soul,
 When they might be mingling
 In one kindred whole!"

But it is in his love songs that he has displayed his real power. Never was queen more highly honoured than the "Poor Man's Wife," when the poet twined his poetic wreath around her brow—

"Her dainty hand nestled in mine, rich and white,
 And timid as trembling dove;
 And it twinkled about me, a jewel of light,
 As she garnish'd our feast of love;
 'Twas the queenliest hand in all lady-land
 And she was a Poor Man's wife!
 O! but little ye'd think how that wee white hand,
 Could dare in the Battle of Life."

Around the loves and wedded pleasures of the poor, he has shed the lustre of his glorious muse, and invested them with the splendour of his poetic intellect, until the brilliance of wealth's costly adornments pale before the light which illumines the lowly shrine of a poor man's affection, and which bids the happy toiler to breathe—

"O Love! Love! Love!
 Its very pain endears!
 And every wail and weeping brings
 Some blessing on our tears!
 Love makes our darkest days, sweet dove,
 In golden suns go down,
 And still we'll clothe our hearts with love,
 And crown us with Love's crown."

These are the true songs for the people. These are the strains to elevate them from the debasing temptations which beset them on every hand. Gerald Massey possesses a power which has never been owned by

any other songster, unless it was Hood, and, perhaps, Ebenezer Elliot, in this country. His was the electric spark which has kindled into life the latent genius of the people, and bade them strive to anticipate the glowing visions of the future. None but those who know the people may ever fully realize the extent to which Massey has become idolized in the hearts of those, whose fate has dictated many of his most impassioned strains. He is their Homer, and when he shall have penned the Iliad of Labour, he will have rendered his name immortal. The future lies radiant before him, richer song-laurels have yet to be gathered, and fresh glories await the moment when they shall be added to those which already encircle his fame.

The people's hearts, hopes, and love are with him, and as, in their workshops and factories, they sing his poetical utterances, their voices become husky with emotion, their eyes glisten with a strange lustre, their frames quiver with excitement, for they love him—adore—idolize him, and involuntarily repeat to themselves the glorious meed of praise showered by him on the memory of another poet—

“ O ! blessings on him for the songs he sang—
Which yearn'd about the world until then for birth !
How like a bonny bird of God he came,
And pour'd his heart in music for the poor ;
Who sit in gloom while sunshine floods the land,
And feel, through darkness, for the hand of help.
And trampled manhood heard, and claim'd his crown,
And trampled womanhood sprang up ennobled !
The human soul look'd radiantly through rags !
And there was melting of cold hearts, as when
The ripening sunlight fingers frozen flowers.
O blessings on him for the songs he sung !
When all the stars of happy thought had set,
In many a mind, his spirit walk'd the gloom
Clothed on with beauty, as the regal moon
Walks her night-kingdom, turning clouds to light.
Our champion ! with his heart too big to beat
In bonds,—our Poet in his pride of power ! ”

QUICKSANDS ON FOREIGN SHORES.

EDITED BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

(Continued from Page 101.)

CHAPTER VII.

RAIMOND.

MADAME DE FLEURIER was quite sincere in her desire and intention (alluded to in the conversation between her and the Abbé), to convert her young friend, if possible, to the "true faith," as she styled the Church of Rome, and then to try and induce her to enter a convent. "It would really," she often said to herself, "be doing the poor girl a kindness in providing her with so safe and peaceful an asylum: for in her reduced circumstances, she could not hope to marry according to her station: and besides, Agatha's serious views rendered her just the fit occupant for a convent: no eagerness to shine in the world: no love of balls or theatres: nothing in her tastes, in short, which would hinder her from being quite happy as a nun!"

With this persuasion, Madame de Fleurier, in spite of the Abbé's discouragements, went to work in a tolerably sanguine frame of mind; and though one or two conversations convinced her that this conversion was more difficult than she had been willing to believe, yet the difficulty only added zest to the undertaking.

"What strange stories you Protestants are taught to believe concerning us!" she exclaimed, one day, when sitting alone with Agatha under the vine trellis in the little garden of Mrs. Courtney's lodging—when, on calling a short time before upon her now intimate friend, she found all the family absent, with the exception of the eldest daughter, who was at work in the cool shade of the broad vine leaves. Her remark was in answer to some observations of Agatha's on the subject of convent-life, drawn forth by a sketch she had lately completed of the convent of St. Catherine's, which, with its steep stone steps reaching to the water's edge, its solemn cypresses and endless number of windows, made a most picturesque object for an artist.

"To believe," continued the Baroness, "that all nuns are unhappy because some few worldly-minded girls have rashly entered a convent (of course without any vocation), and so been unhappy there!"

"Nay," said Agatha, "I did not say I thought all nuns were unhappy, but I do say and think, that none but the Searcher of hearts can ever tell how *many* bitterly regret the step which fixed their lot on earth—how many sigh in secret for their lost freedom."

"My dear child, I must again tell you that you know not what you are speaking of; and how should you? Protestants read and write plenty of novels full of histories of unhappy nuns, and persecuted nuns, and poor young ladies forced into convents by cruel relations and treated like prisoners: but no one of common sense when he has mixed a little with Catholics, and learnt and seen something of their institutions, can fail to discover how absurdly he has been misled."

"I take my views of convent-life from no novel, and I think I may add from no early prejudice, dear madame," said Agatha quietly. "I take my opinion partly from undisputed *facts*, and yet more from my own conviction of what such a system must lead to. But after all, the great question is not the happiness or unhappiness of the life—who that expected to ensure heaven by entering a convent would not gladly do so at whatever cost of earthly comfort? I only wonder," added she, smiling, "that you are not all shut up in cells."

"Nay, that would be going too far," replied the Baroness: "though perhaps the safest and holiest, it is not the *only* road to heaven, and it would be wrong—a real sin indeed—to enter on it without a real indication either in your own heart, or on the part of your spiritual adviser, that you are fitted for so peculiarly blessed a sphere; but I do believe, dear Agatha," she continued with fervour, "that to some devout and pure souls, who seem instinctively to shrink from contact with the base and worldly among whom fate may have placed them—to such as *these* I am sure, a convent-life with its holy rites and calm hours of meditation, and loving intercourse with sister spirits, has proved a real heaven upon earth! I have a cousin who has been for years an inhabitant of a convent, and a happier or holier creature does not exist, I assure you; she could bear ample testimony to the peace and happiness enjoyed by a *religieuse*."

Agatha mentally wondered for how much the testimony of one, who *dare* not reveal the truth, should be allowed to go. "But granting all possible happiness in a convent," said she, "I still could not admire or approve of the life of a nun. Is not the world the sphere of action in which our Great Master has placed us? and shall we venture to shut up the faculties He has given us—the hearts and powers to work and live for others—within the narrow confines of convent walls? It were useless, I fear," continued she, "to refer you to the Holy Scriptures, or I would ask what you could find there in favour of convents. Our Lord's example was not one of monkish austerity, or solitary abstraction from the world, but of living *in*, though not to it, of living and labouring for others; and He prayed for His disciples—not that they should be taken *out* of the world—but that they should be kept from evil."

"Yes, you are right, quite right!" said a low voice near her, and looking round with a start, Agatha saw Raimond de Fleurier, who had joined them unperceived, and been a silent, though not inattentive listener to the last part of the conversation.

"My dear son!" cried the Baroness, "how you startled me! I declare

you had no business to creep in upon Mdlle. Agatha and me in this sudden manner and interrupt our secret discourse ! besides, I thought you were out in the boat on the river."

"Why, I found it so hot, that I soon gave over, and came to see whether you would like a companion in your walk home, and also to pay my respects to Mrs. Courtney."

"Mrs. Courtney is out ; and I think as you are here to accompany me home, I will set out immediately ; it is later than I thought for."

"But I did not come to hurry you away from so interesting a conversation, dear mother," said Raimond, seating himself on the bench beside her.

"Oh, I shall attack Mdlle. Agatha another time on her heretical notions," said the Baroness, smiling ; "your scepticism would please her as little as me, I fancy ;" and she rose from her seat as she spoke.

"I doubt that," replied he ; "I flatter myself she would prefer my levity, even if tinged with scepticism, to a blind submission to whatever (not the Bible, but) the *Church* teaches !"

"This is too much, Raimond !" interrupted his mother impatiently ; "I cannot hear you speak thus of our holy religion ; you forget yourself !"

"I beg your pardon, my dear mother," said he, half laughing, "I did not mean to hurt your feelings, I know they are tender where *mother church* is concerned ; I do not pretend to be so dutiful a child as you are ; however, I will try to shut my eyes to her defects, or at least to wink at them when you are present ! But mademoiselle," added he, turning to Agatha, "I see you look nearly as grave as my mother, yet *you* are not a daughter of our Church ; is it that you think I express myself too lightly ?"

"I do, indeed," she replied, with the simple earnestness peculiar to her ; "I do think all irony misplaced where religion is concerned. Surely the subject is one of grave enough interest !"

"You are right," he said, seriously, "and another time I shall hope to convince you that I am not quite so careless as you imagine, though I cannot always restrain my sauciness as I ought to do, but my dear mother knows I mean no harm."

"I really must be going !" cried the Baroness, putting her arm within Raimond's ; "I have been forgetting in the pleasure of your society, Mdlle. Agatha, how time was passing ;" and bidding Agatha a rather hasty farewell, she departed with her son, whose lingering look upon the arbour, seemed to say that he would willingly have prolonged the conversation.

The fact was, the Baroness began to think the two young people had seen enough of each other. Hitherto her mind had been so engrossed with the work of converting the Courtneys to what she believed the true Church, that she had been blind to the danger of allowing frequent intercourse between her son and an interesting and attractive heretic ; besides, she had rarely seen them together, except when the rest of the two families were present ; but on this occasion, she had observed Raimond's look

when he thought Agatha was annoyed at his levity, and the truth flashed across her mind, that there was at least a dawning of love on *his* side, and she resolved to be on her guard for the future, mentally saying as she walked along—"What a pity she is so obstinate! if she were only safe in a convent, all would yet be right!"

Agatha, on her part, watched them depart with a feeling of interest she could not conceal from herself, for the young man whose intelligent mind had freed itself from the shackles of Rome, without as yet having found a place of rest. "If he *be* really in earnest in wishing to find truth may God speedily enlighten him!" was her half-uttered prayer as she rose to go into the house.

The day following this conversation was Sunday—a day, whose mental rest and peace to Agatha far exceeded the fatigue of the long sultry walk to Valency. It is true that her mother had sometimes thrown obstacles in the way, and had threatened more than once not to allow Clara to accompany her, but she had always yielded to her entreaties in the end, and gradually had got to feel such relief at the perfect freedom which the absence of Agatha gave to her Sundays, that she ceased to make any opposition, beyond a dissatisfied look. As for little Emily, Mrs. Courtney had from the first forbidden her attempting so long a walk; and as the child showed no wish to go, Agatha felt there was nothing to be done but to leave her to spend the day with Josephine at the chateau, whither Mrs. Courtney was usually asked to go after mass. Still, in spite of the anxiety which filled her mind as to her mother and little sister (now so completely bound up with their Roman Catholic friends), she felt Sunday to be a happy and restful day; and the sadness which on this morning had shadowed her countenance on her first setting out, gradually gave place to a calm, and almost a cheerful expression; a silent prayer from the depth of a fearful, but not faithless heart, strengthened and soothed the troubled spirit, and enabled her to converse pleasantly with her dear Clara, whose companionship and confiding love were her chief earthly sources of hope and comfort.

They were nearly half way to Valency, and had paused to rest under the shade of a huge rock which overhung the pathway, when Agatha heard a footstep which was now familiar to her, and in another moment Raimond de Fleurier stood beside them. He looked at the sisters with surprise and pleasure, and after a cordial greeting, exclaimed: "Who would have thought of finding you so far from home this hot day? It is well you have adopted our wide-brimmed Provençal hats, or your fair English complexions would be quite scorched? It is so warm, that I soon left my boat this morning, and should have been at home ere now, but that I happened to hear a little bird say you were taking a stroll in this direction, and my—curiosity in short—prompted me to follow you."

"Did you not know what takes us so far on Sunday mornings?" said Agatha, rising from her rocky seat. "We are going to church, and must not linger on the wayside any longer, I believe—come, Clara!"

"Going to church! Ah! now I remember there is a little Protestant church at Valençy; my mother was regretting only last week that you *still* preferred its white washed walls and heretical doctrines to the elegant little chapel at the chateau, or the church at St. André! I have no doubt your taste is in the right; but is it not a long walk for you?"

"Rather long," she replied, as Clara took her arm, and they continued their walk, accompanied by the Baron; "but we have, I assure you, enough to repay us at the end of it."

"You take more pains to obtain the advantages of your religion than I ever thought of taking for mine," said he, "even when I fancied myself a zealous Catholic, and I feel half ashamed of it; but the fact is, mass was always tedious to me."

"You saw, perhaps," observed Agatha, "that is not what a Christian service should be, but rather resembles a Pagan ceremonial; forgive me if I express myself too strongly."

"You do not speak as strongly as I often do myself," he replied.

"Do you go often to mass now?" Clara ventured timidly to ask.

"To please my good mother I go from time to time," said he; "but the intervals are becoming longer and longer: for the hypocrisy of which I feel myself guilty is odious to me. I despise and hate those taudry ceremonials—those absurd theatricals of religion—those tyrannical priests deceiving the childish multitude with tales and jugglery unworthy of men!"

Agatha could not help looking up with a face full of interest as he spoke. "You see the evils and corruption of Rome," she exclaimed; "but surely, Baron, you are not content with laughing at others: you must feel, I am certain, the necessity of finding truth for yourself!"

"Till lately I did not think seriously about it," said he; "but I confess it (for I can conceal nothing from you), that for the last year or more, I have been at times uneasy in my mind, and in my very laughter there is sometimes bitterness. When *you* are near me I can feel nothing except happiness indeed; but when absent from you, I feel more than ever, that if there be truth in the world I have not found it!"

"Oh, there is—there is truth!" cried Agatha, "but not in the world; it came from heaven, and is to be found in the Word of God alone; would you but seek it there!"

"Ah, here we are at the village," said Raimond after a short pause; "how pretty those throngs of peasantry look streaming up the steep path to the little white church—such a nice, simple little building too! do you know I have never yet been inside a Protestant church!"

"Your saying 'yet,' makes me hope that you will make the experiment, and enter one to-day," said Agatha, with an earnest persuasion in her eye that said more than words: "Will you not accompany us and hear the good words we hope to listen to? You are seeking truth; here is preached the Gospel of Him whose word *is* truth." She spoke in a whisper, for they were already in the crowd; but her words had more

weight with the young Baron than she was aware of—a double weight—and though he looked anxious for a moment, he did not hesitate to follow her.

"I will go with you," said he: "and it is not *only* for your sake, I assure you, I really am desirous to know what goes on in that homely little building. So at the risk of alarming my mother terribly, should she hear of my entering into what she would term the contaminating influence of heresy, I will become for once a member of a Protestant congregation."

As he spoke, they reached the door, and entered among the rest. Some young persons would have shown themselves embarrassed at thus appearing accompanied by a stranger, but Agatha's mind was too much occupied with the solemnity of the place and hour, and with zeal for her companion's spiritual benefit, to feel ought besides. She indicated to the young Baron a seat among the male part of the congregation, and hastened herself with Clara to join Madame Marcel and her daughter, who were already in church.

With many contending feelings in his mind, Raimond placed himself beside a row of sturdy peasants who, despite their reverence for the church, could not resist sundry glances of surprise at this unexpected companion, and even a few whispers passed among those to whom he was known by sight; but at the appearance of the good Pastor, all was hushed, and every voice soon joined in the hymn which he gave out to commence the service. There was something of heartfelt devotion in the words of this hymn sung to a simple air without any instrument, and repeated by every one capable of singing, that struck Raimond's now softened heart with an effect more thrilling than he had ever experienced in listening to the most exquisitely trained voices and richest harmony ever produced in the grand cathedrals of Paris or Rouen.

When the hymn was over, he heard the words of Scripture read in his native tongue for the first time: then followed the discourse of M. Marcel; the doctrines of life and salvation were plainly and earnestly set forth, and fell on unaccustomed, but not unwilling ears. When the service was over, and Raimond joined the sisters, with Madame Marcel, in the churchyard, Agatha noticed with secret joy, as she glanced at his expressive countenance, that he had been neither unmoved nor wearied; that the seed had *not* fallen on the wayside.

"For the first time in my life," he whispered, as he approached her, "I have joined in social prayer: I did not know what it was: in fact, I do not think I ever prayed at all before—really and from the heart."

Agatha could only look her satisfaction, for the Pastor joined them at this moment, and she hastened to introduce him to Raimond; near neighbours as they were, it had remained for a foreigner to make them acquainted; the Baron, indeed, did not even know by sight the humble, but truly dignified man, who for twenty years had held the important office of shepherd to the only little flock in that district who worshipped

God in simplicity and truth. But the Pastor had often seen all the members of the De Fleurier family, and was both astonished and gratified at seeing the young Baron at his church. He warmly invited Raimond to come and rest in his house ; but as it would be the dinner-hour at the chateau by the time he could return there, he declined, fearing his mother might be uneasy at his non-appearance.

"Are you not returning home yet ?" he asked Agatha, after bidding a courteous farewell to the Pastor's family.

"No, we always enjoy a little rest with our kind friends here after church," she replied ; "my mother, you know, dines at the chateau ; shall you mention you have been here, or would you rather not let it be known ?"

"I certainly will not volunteer the information," said he, "it would pain my mother, and subject me to a long lecture from the Abbé : at the same time, I would not seem to *conceal* my actions, and will therefore take no pains to hide the fact. Adieu, then, Mdle. Agatha ; possibly we may meet here again !"

CHAPTER VIII.

FAMILY DISUNION.

HE hastened away, and the rest of the party repaired to Madame Marcel's cool little sitting room to partake of her simple noon-day repast.

"The Baron is an interesting young man, at least in appearance," remarked Madame Marcel : "he certainly appeared pleased and touched at our service : one may venture, therefore, to hope that this will not be his last visit ; but I am surprised to see him here, I always understood that the family were so bigoted !"

"I believe *he* is rather a sceptic than a bigot," said her husband ; "but his coming here to-day affords a faint hope that there may be a dawning of better things in his mind."

"I think so indeed," said Agatha, who was a little hurt by M. Marcel's rather discouraging way of speaking ; "surely his attending Protestant worship was a great step towards conversion !"

"A *step* towards it, but *only* a step," said the Pastor : "and though I would not discourage your zeal, dear mademoiselle, I must warn you not to expect too soon to see any decided results follow ; the last step is much harder than the first, and a man has to break through a great deal before he can take it ; the force of early habit ; the entreaties and threats of anxious friends and relatives whom he is displeasing for ever ; he has so much, in short, to give up, that I have too often seen a man pausing for years at the doorway, which had he but had courage to enter, would have led to peace and light."

"The Baron appears to me to have too much decision of character for

that," observed Agatha, striving for more indifference of tone, to cover real anxiety.

"Do you think, my child, that the *natural* man, however decided and firm his character, *can* have strength for such a sacrifice?" said M. Marcel.

"No, not of himself," said Agatha in a tremulous voice; "but cannot God give strength for everything?"

"Yes; *He* alone who can change our poor weak natures, and renew our faint hearts, can give this strength and the peace that it brings with it; but the change of heart must come, before that peace can be given. Earnestly do I wish and pray that our young friend's heart may have been touched by the awakening Spirit, and that this blessed peace may one day be his!"

As the pastor spoke, Agatha turned away her head to hide some starting tears; soon afterwards she took leave of her friends, and set out on her way home with Clara.

"I think you are too discouraging about young De Fleurier," said Madame Marcel to her husband when their guests had left them.

"My love, it is not without reason that I speak distrustfully of his inclination to Protestantism," replied M. Marcel: "Agatha is herself a strong attraction, I suspect, and he may not himself be aware how far she influences him by her sweet face and interesting conversation."

"I do not think the worse of his case on that account," said his wife. "Her gentle influence may be the appointed means of leading him to seek the same path which she is already treading."

"You are right there, and I cannot therefore regret the feeling which I more than suspect he entertains for her, in spite of the trouble and annoyance which must result from such an attachment when his mother discovers it; but I do not want Agatha to raise her hopes for his conversion too high, when the change of views *may* be based on so slender a foundation as earthly love. We will hope all things; but I dread disappointment for her, I own."

Meantime the object of their conversation had reached home, and with some pleasure found her mother and sister still absent: for she longed for solitude and thought. Before she thought it possible, however, this period of tranquillity was disturbed by her mother's voice calling loudly for her; before she could leave the room, she heard Clara answering for her, "She is lying down a little, up stairs, mamma;" and the next moment her mother entered hurriedly, and with a countenance full of agitation, exclaimed, as she threw herself on a chair: "So Agatha! this is the end of your church-going zeal! You have done us all mischief enough to be sure! and what you can never undo! Oh, foolish child! how could you be so imprudent?"

"What is it you mean, mamma? what have I done?" cried Agatha, rising in nearly equal agitation, beginning, however, to guess the cause of her mother's hasty return.

"Don't pretend to be ignorant of what I mean, child!" said her

mother: "I have just learnt that you have had the folly, and worse than folly, to persuade young De Fleurier into going to the church at Valency; he owned it himself when his mother called on him for an explanation of the report that had reached her. Oh, Agatha! you have ruined your own prospects, and my hopes! You have deprived yourself of Madame de Fleurier's friendship, and made her and the Abbè most naturally indignant with you, and annoyed with me: for they think, at least the Baroness does, that I should have interfered with these Sunday excursions, which I am sure have been productive of no good. You cannot conceive my dismay when, at the conclusion of dinner, Madame de Fleurier asked her son how he had been spending the morning, and he actually avowed (on being challenged by the Abbè, who it seems had heard a report of his having been to Valency) that he had been with you and Clara at M. Marcel's church! We had a most distressing scene at dessert, I assure you: his mother was deeply pained, and could hardly contain her grief and displeasure—his sister in tears—the Abbè looking grieved, but sitting silent—and I myself as much upset as any one, *more* indeed, for I felt I shared the blame of your worse than imprudent conduct!"

"Dear mamma, pray calm yourself," said Agatha; indeed I only did what I felt to be a duty in giving M. de Fleurier an invitation to accompany us to church as we chanced to meet him on the way, he was free to decline if he chose; and though it is natural that the Baroness should be vexed, yet I think she has no right to be so indignant; her son is of an age to think and judge for himself, surely?"

"No right to complain!" cried Mrs. Courtney, "when she sees her only son in danger of being turned from the religion of his forefathers!—a religion whose antiquity is its boast, and to which the De Fleuriers, as she has often told me, have ever been faithful up to this day!"

"Antiquity!" said Agatha, "that were a poor boast, dear mamma; the pure Church of Christ, from which that of Rome has so grievously departed, is much older: and we know that the Reformation was no novelty, but a return to the long-neglected doctrines of God's Word; and *one* little church, ever untouched by the corruptions of Rome, still lives as an undying witness to the eternity of Gospel truth."

"I am not going to argue with you, Agatha: we think so very differently on these points that it would be quite useless. You are very acute in discussing religious matters, but *I* have learned that humility is better than skill in argument, and I am not therefore so fond of using my judgment on every occasion. I must only inform you, that I insist on your not attempting any further to bias the religious views of the young Baron. I would urge this for your own sake, if not for mine; you cannot with all your modesty have avoided seeing that he admires you, and I have watched his growing interest in my child with pleasure, hoping that I saw the opening of bright prospects for her."

"Dearest mamma, you meant kindly: but indeed I do not think the Baron has such a serious regard for me as you suppose; and if it were so,

how little you know your daughter, if you thought she could wish to connect herself with a professing member of the Church of Rome, however amiable! never could I hope for God's blessing on such a step."

"You talk absurdly, Agatha: however, you are old enough to do as you like, and throw away your own happiness, if you please; but for your sister's sake, I must and shall interfere with these visits to M. Marcel; I do not forbid you to go if you choose yourself, but I cannot allow you to take Clara again."

"Dear Mamma, do not deprive Clara of going to church with me, I implore you!" cried Agatha. "If you love your child, do not take from her a privilege which, young as she is, she knows how to value. Oh, mamma, you know there is nothing on earth we would not do to please you within the bounds of conscience, but do not take from us our greatest comfort—leave me Clara—let us enjoy in peace the blessing of Christian worship together!"

"How you agitate me, child! I really cannot stand another scene to-day, I am quite sufficiently upset already, as you see; and I repeat, I don't interfere with you, but I must do as I think right respecting your sister; I believe I have been imprudent to allow her the liberty I have done, for she now will mind no one but you. However," continued Mrs. Courtney more gently, "I know how good and attentive you have always been to me, and how devoted to your sisters when we were all in trouble, so I don't mean to say any more on a subject so painful as this. I only do wish, my love, that you would consent to have some conversation with the Abbé, I think he would be able to show you the Roman Catholic religion in a more favourable light than the prejudices of early education and your Protestant friends at Valençy permit you to view it in, at present."

"I am willing to hear the Abbé, since you desire it, mamma; but he never will change my views, because they are drawn, I trust, not from what my friends say, but from the Bible, and there I find a religion which knows nothing of the Pope—nothing of any infallible guide on earth—nor of saint or virgin worship, or any other of the dogmas of Rome; I find a religion so simple and so plain, that all who seek in sincerity of heart, may find there the way of salvation."

"So you imagine," said her mother. "But it is this *seeming* simplicity that in fact makes the Bible mislead people so often, as I now see, and as the Abbé has clearly shown me."

"In short, you have adopted *his* faith I see!" said Agatha in a faltering voice: "Dear, dear Mamma! do pause and examine; oh, do not throw away the light we as Protestants have been given! do not close to yourself the book of life now still open to you!"

"I shall do what I conscientiously think my duty, Agatha; so it is useless thus to agitate yourself and me; I intended to avoid this subject, but you forced it upon me. Now no more, I entreat," she continued, seeing her daughter about to speak; "I am going to rest, for I am quite

exhausted:" and she hastily quitted the room, leaving Agatha a prey to the most painful reflections. It was only on her knees in fervent supplication to Him who could alone give her comfort and guide her aright, that her troubled spirit found rest and consolation; but when she had laid her heavy burden at the feet of her Saviour, and committed to His care the beloved sister who seemed about to be entirely withdrawn from her weak guidance, she rose refreshed, though sad, and went to join Emily and Clara. Mrs. Courtney had a headache, and did not come down any more that evening.

A few words with Clara (who shared her room), as they were retiring to rest, comforted her, as showing, that young as she was, there was reason to hope that her faith was sincere, and that she trusted not in her own strength: while her strong love to Agatha formed another prop to support her as far as any earthly thing could.

"Do not fear for me, dear Agatha," she said, "I will never give up my Bible, let them do what they will; and, indeed, I will pray to have my eyes kept open to the truth."

"Pray for strength and assistance from above, dearest, and to be kept from leaning on the arm of flesh," said her sister; "and oh, may He, who only can, keep us both from the deadly error that surrounds us, and preserve us ever in His fold!" And kneeling down, their arms entwined, their hearts uplifted together, Agatha uttered a short but heartfelt prayer for guidance and support: both then felt able to lie down calmly and seek the rest so much needed after their fatigue and agitation.

Very different were the prayers that were offered up (in the vain hope of reaching Heaven) in the little chamber next door to them. There Mrs. Courtney, bending before a crucifix, had gone through the new forms of worship she had now adopted, with more minuteness and care than she had ever bestowed on those of the pure religion which she was forsaking; but she lay down with a mind still worried and dissatisfied by the events of the day.

Meanwhile at the Chateau Des Roches, scenes no less agitating were taking place. Madame de Fleurier's vexation and displeasure at the step her son had taken, and the inclinations of which it was a proof, were beyond bounds: she could scarcely wait for Mrs. Courtney's departure, to give way to all the heat of her southern blood, and to pour out the bitterest reproaches on Raimond, and yet more on the "artful girl," as she termed Agatha in her rage, "by whom he had suffered himself to be led astray."

Raimond, on his part, had yet to learn the Christian virtue of meekness. He was much attached to his mother, but his feelings for Agatha now far exceeded any other sentiment in his bosom, and certainly helped to bias his religious views. He retorted Madame de Fleurier's reproaches with some violence—defended Agatha with a warmth that made her turn pale with indignation—and the scene ended by Raimond's rushing impetuously out of the room—declaring he was free to act as he pleased, and that he

should no longer submit to the "irksome trammels of the Roman Catholic Church!"

Madame de Fleurier hid her face in her hands, exclaiming, "He is lost to us! I see it,—lost to the Church, and to his mother! Would that I had never known this English family—that my concern for their souls had been less strong! it has led me to overlook my own child's danger!"

"Nay," said the Abbé, "you acted from the highest motives, and it was impossible to foresee Raimond's partiality; Mdlle. Agatha is so serious and unlike any one that I ever saw him fancy before, that I own it never entered my head that he would fall deeply in love with her: but take comfort, my dear cousin, things are not desperate yet, only allow me to say that you must—you really *must* restrain these violent outbursts—these demonstrations of anger and despair; and if you would retain any influence over your son, you must abstain from harsh language against Agatha; for in his present state of mind, you will only increase his unhappy devotion to her, which under better management may prove as short-lived as it is vehement. We must get him away to Paris directly—a line from you to your confidential agent will give him his cue, and some business requiring the Baron's presence will summon him at once. A sojourn in the capital will be the best cure for this foolish whim. As to his inclination for Protestantism, that is nothing; he is of too lively a nature long to be caught by the cold gloom of that heretical Church; once out of the reach of Mdlle. Agatha's blue eyes, and he will be more ready to visit the theatre than a Protestant Church!"

"The Holy Virgin grant that it may be so!" cried she, wiping her eyes: "for to lose my Raimond—the pride of my heart—would be more than I could bear; and above all, to see him ensnared into a marriage with an obscure Protestant! Oh, it would be horrible! and I should ever blame myself for my blindness in not seeing long ago how matters were going on! Yet I can perceive that direct opposition would only madden his headstrong nature. I must certainly try to get him to Paris. Do you recollect once when we suspected a partiality to that pretty Mdlle. Julie St. Felix, who had not a sou in the world, how well the Paris plan answered? he forgot all about it in a week!"

"Well, I trust in the present case it may prove as efficacious," said the Abbé cheerfully,—for though he was well-convinced himself, by careful examination of his young cousin, that the present case was a far more serious one, and that Raimond's affections were really (and for the first time) strongly enchained, yet he thought it best to put the most hopeful side of the matter before Madame de Fleurier, as the only chance of her acting judiciously and calmly. They now discussed what was to be done with regard to the Courtney family.

The Baroness had too much regard for Mrs. Courtney, and was too secure of her present views, to suspect *her* of co-operation with her daughter. She had no idea therefore of quarrelling with her, but she sug-

gested that instead of urging her to enter St. Catherine's, a more distant convent should be selected for her, and her family.

The Abbé, however, soon convinced her that it would be much harder to induce her to board in a distant nunnery, than in one near her friends, and that such an arrangement would occupy some time, and not get rid of the dangerous charmer, Agatha, any the sooner. It was therefore decided between them, that Mrs. Courtney must be urged immediately to enter the convent at St. André with her youngest daughter; that Clara was not to be *forced* into it too obviously, but induced, or obliged by some means, to enter it afterwards,—and that then Agatha must be advised by her mother to seek the protection of her brother in England, which in such a case he might be presumed peculiarly glad to give, however usually indifferent to his family. Cheered by such a well-arranged and hopeful plan of action the Baroness retired to her room that night in more composed spirits, after ascertaining that her son, who did not make his appearance the whole evening, had locked himself up in his chamber, and did not wish to be disturbed.

The following morning (Madame de Fleurier had agreed with her cousin) was to be given to a visit to Mrs. Courtney, who was to be asked to take a drive with her friend; Emily and Josephine were to be of the party, and in the course of the afternoon, Mrs. Courtney was to be persuaded to go at once to St. Catherine's, and send for her things afterwards, in order to avoid an agitating scene with her daughter. No difficulty was likely to occur, as her disposition was by this time pretty well known to the Baroness, and indeed the Abbé now governed her so entirely, that his advice was sure to carry the point.

(To be continued.)

SUMMER.

BY LEILA.

"Ah ! the summer days are gay ;
 And I long to own the power,
 Of the sun, in flood-tide ray,
 Embracing earth—as Jove, they say,
 Did his love—in golden shower.

Ah ! the summer days are bright,
 And I long to mark their glory ;
 When the lark talks to the light,
 Till the gleesome bird of night,
 Goes on with the fairy story."

ELIZA COOK.

SUMMER ! What a multiplicity of feelings the name calls forth. What delicious perfumes ! what golden sunshine ! what genial days ! what balmy winds ! are brought before us by the very word.

Gorgeous, floweret-robed summer ! How we revel in the warm luxurious days, when hardly a whisper from the sweet-voiced zephyr is heard. The birds grow lazy, and sing in a dreamy manner ; the blue-bottle flies hum around one slowly ; and the large bees buzz lazily, as they fly loiteringly from flower to flower. The cattle shade themselves from the heat of the noontide sun, beneath the shadow of the many leafed trees, or stand in some cool woodland stream, where the over-hanging branches of the trees stoop down to kiss the limpid waters.

Of all the seasons of the year, there is none so beauteous in its vernal splendour as the present—a very queen, with all her starry floweret attendants. As the hours go, the day wanes ; slowly the sun sinks in the crimsoned west. Quietly—almost imperceptibly—quiet, tranquil crepuscule envelopes earth in a gray light ; a peaceful hour for dreamy thought, and pleasant reverie. On twilight's sable wings, are borne thoughts of the past, the present, and many an airy vision of the future : but Time, with its never ceasing footsteps, moves onward—the gloaming is succeeded by night. What words can express the charmed glory, the blissful quietude of a summer's night, when all is hushed and silent, wrapt in the arms of Morpheus. The sky is a deeper blue ; over which, glides peerless, beautiful Cynthia, with her one bright jewelled attendant, golden Vesper. Not a whisper from the feathered warblers, not a sound of human voice breaks the breathless stillness of the summer night ; only voiceless whispers come from the grooves of the olden years—many a tale of the long-ago, many a picture belonging to the days of auld lang syne.

Tenderly Mnemosyne wipes off the dust of years, and the picture comes forth, bright as it was of yore. There is something more comes to us—other voices, other faces, gleam through the shadowy summer night; those of our dear remembered dead, we seem to hear their angel voices giving us kindly admonitions—

“Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from their lips of air”—

holy incentives to live a purer life—hopeful whispers, to cheer us in our hours of trial. Yea all this, and more, comes to us 'mid the lonely night. So, let us sing, blithesome odes, to the present season, as did those old German Minne singers to the sweet summer-tide.

THE ROOKS OF ST. BERNARD'S.

Ye ancient birds in ebon livery clad,—

Recluse, yet social in your cells together,—

Who keeps you there, through gloomy days and glad,
Safe in your airy homes, in calm or windy weather?

Who clothes the lilies,—doth He shelter you

In each old nest, your free-hold, sky-lit dwelling?

And do ye taste, under Heaven's arching blue,

That goodness of whose glory it is hourly telling?

And doth not He that listened to your cry

In olden times, when Bernard's monks were praying

In some quaint Rookery of their's hard by,—

Perchance when none else heeds you, hear what you are saying?

The monks have ceased to chant for many a day,

The orisons they copied from the Latins—

But ye still congregate to sing or say

Duly at morn and eve, your vespers or your matins.

And other tones are silent that of yore

Chimed well, no doubt, with antiquated notions

Which had appeared so sensible before

Steam, on the wing of Progress, quickened all our motions.

But things coeval with Time's younger day
Are not all doomed, or yet desired to perish,—
As the old Elms ye roost in will decay,—
And much is left us worthy to hold fast and cherish.

Sweet as the warblings of the nightingale
The mystic voices of the Past are singing
Beside old streams,—and through St. Bernard's vale
Blended with your hoarse cries, they evermore seem ringing.

Though woodland notes are hushed, with homelier sound
Ye greet the echoes of this ancient hollow—
Unchanged amid the changes ye have found,—
As still the customs of your ancestors ye follow.

Since they first lodged in your ancestral trees,
The years have sped,—old kingdoms have been falling,
And new states rising far beyond the seas,—
While quietly, like your sires, ye still pursue your calling.

Above the turmoil and the tongues of strife,—
The din, the tattle, of your city neighbours,—
Content with your appointed lot in life,
Its heaven-arranged routine of cheerful rest and labours.

Eyes long are closed that once had watched you flit
About your haunts there, of a sunny morning,—
Or high aloft on topmost branches sit,—
Through dreamy afternoons—like Hermits pleasure-scorning.

Here yet ye dwell, O antique birds, and grave,—
Tranquil and free, in sunshine or in showers,
When summer smiles, when storms of winter rave,—
Old-fashioned tenants still of Bernard's "ancient bowers."

H. G.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF FAMILIAR FACES.

BY A FEMALE PHOTOGRAPHER.

INTRODUCTION.

THE world is composed of negatives and positives—the latter being the original types, the eccentric characters that are imitated in different shades of intensity, by less inventive spirits ;—and the negatives, those, morally, paler types, viz., the persons who start no new ideas, and who never get imitated, because too tame to allow of imitation. My gallery is composed of both, and I invite the discerning public to step in, and see how many of their dear friends they can recognize amongst those who have sat to me for their likenesses.

THE LITERARY ICONOCLAST.

Ours is the age of depreciation. We love to pick a hole or find a flaw in the character, manners, talents, or what not, of the greatest geniuses the world has ever revered. The nineteenth century numbers its million of Aristides's, whom it is tired of hearing called the Just. "Let's smash our idols for a change!" seems to be the favourite watchword. A transatlantic lady has wasted a deal of logic, and many quires of paper to *unshakespearify* Shakespeare. She seems to be of opinion that a rose by any name would smell sweeter, though to our olfactory nerves, Bacon seems less fragrant than Shakespeare. Had Bacon written Shakespeare's plays, the fair caviller would doubtless have entered the lists, armed cap-a-pie in defence of the poor obscure comedian Shakespeare, whom Lord Bacon had despoiled of his well earned fame.

If Mr. Jackson writes a book which becomes a standard work, it seems to be the summit of acuteness to prove it was not Mr. Jackson, but Mr. Robinson, who was the real writer of the same. Some author incapable of filling a volume of original matter, seizes on this promising theme, obtains perhaps a few letters from different individuals apparently corroborating his hypothesis, and forthwith sets heart and soul to the work of demolition. A few passages are repeated by the press, and appear plausible. One or two nobodies indite letters to the leading newspapers, to the effect that they remember meeting some twenty or thirty years ago with the Mr. Robinson in question, and that he certainly did make use of an expression actually found in one of Mr. Jackson's books (before that book could possibly have been published mind!)—*ergo*, the said nobody is convinced that Mr. Robinson's claim to the whole work is satisfactorily established beyond the possibility of a doubt, and if Robinson

wrote one, he certainly wrote all Jackson's works—what can be clearer or more logical?

The anti-Jacksonite's pamphlet is reviewed in the leading magazines and newspapers, and is a nine days' wonder, after which it drops into oblivion; while the publisher, who prudently withheld, for a few weeks, his newest edition of Jackson's works, with illustrations by Gilbert and Birket Foster, now advertises it as if nothing had occurred, and the public quietly return to their allegiance to Jackson for another century at least. The anti-Jacksonite is called for a brief season the clever Mr. So and So, who does not believe in Jackson, but by degrees, as his philippic gets dispersed amongst the trunkmakers, the fame he tried to build up on the ruins of Jackson's identity, collapses like a card house built on a foundation of sand; his friends cease to think him so very clever—(remember that clever and successful are synonymous terms in the vocabulary of the multitude)—and six months hence, if the subject be remembered at all, he will only be designated as "that silly fellow, who wanted to be wiser than the rest of the world."

THE LITERARY ENTHUSIAST.

In strong contrast to the odious race of the "admire nothing" school, stands the literary enthusiast, male or female. Not that we much like the species either. There is something ridiculous and over-done in their mode of admiration. Examine it through the microscope of reason, and you will see it is only a variety of self-laudation. Mrs. Jenkins prides herself on having one or more celebrities at her parties. She is so dotingly fond of literature! To obtain the autograph of any of the magnates of the republic of letters, there is no process so humiliating to which she would not submit. She actually bribed her laundress to give her a washing bill, which a celebrated poet had sent back with a slight correction—a figure of 7 into a 5—which being in the great man's own hand, was an inestimable treasure. She shows it to her friends with intense pride. The poet being too great a man to come to her parties, the shadow is something in default of the substance.

When she can catch and muzzle a real live specimen, Mrs. Jenkins is in the ninth heaven. The literary lion becomes the centre of attraction, round which the guests gravitate with respectful delight. Mrs. Jenkins buzzes about the room like a bee, carrying the honey of the idol's praise, into the ear of each ready listener. She unfolds a number of charming details of the great man's home life, as she styles it. He is actually fond of cats! what charming simplicity! and he gives puss her feed of cream and bread crumbs, every morning at breakfast! To another, she expatiates on his finely developed forehead, which shows such intellect—the fact being that he is growing bald, and Rowland's Kalydor has either not been tried, or failed to perform its wonted miracles upon his inspired brow. He may be ugly if he will, the guests all agree that he has a remarkably fine face, and the most finikin young ladies are anxious to

obtain, were it only a look from the great man, in hopes of furnishing the type for the heroine of his forthcoming novel.

Another time, it was a poet who was to be placed on the tripod—for she plotted asking him to spout a few lines. He was a new capture, and Mrs. Jenkins had not herself yet seen him, though as usual, she knew all about his habits, from hearsay. She entertained the company with this sort of gossip, to wile away the hour of expectancy. He was such a dear, absent creature, she told us, that if the servants did not look after him, he would put a yellow glove on the left hand, and a green one on the right! What a proof of genius! Yes!—he lived in an atmosphere of his own creation! And another time he actually went to the horticultural *fête* with an Albert boot on one foot, and a shoe on the other—no, a slipper it was, which pretty Lady—had worked for him, happy woman that she is! And then, had not he positively thrust six albums, sent him by admiring young ladies for his signature, “if it were to only half a line of poetry”—into the fire, mistaking them for fuel?

The respectful titter that went round the room at the recital of these charming eccentricities, had scarcely died away before Mr. Brown, the great man expected, was announced. Mrs. Jenkins was ready to faint with delight when he shook hands with her, saying he was most happy to come to her party. Only think what an honour! How handsome she and all the ladies declared him to be. There was genius in the bold manner in which his hair (of which unlike the novelist, he had an abundance) was swept off his forehead. What a splendid nose! what “chiselled” features! (Sculptors being cleverer than nature, it seems, we always refer to their craft in our admiration.) What a classic chin! Oh! he was every inch a poet! Then so good natured and condescending, that he wrote his name in ever so many albums of ever so many timid young ladies, who had brought their volumes in the hope of being able to put in a petition for “only just his signature.” And there he sat in state, with the admiring crowd grouped around him, attentively watching for the diamonds and roses that were to fall from his inspired lips. One gentleman, note-book in hand, had ensconced himself behind the more enthusiastic votaries, to take down in short-hand, whatever the poet might say, as he contemplated “doing” his biography for a popular Magazine.

But the poet seemed to have forgotten the hoped for recital. Mrs. Jenkins ventured to hint they were all expectant. Could he—oh! would he favour them with something unpublished—something that had never met the vulgar public gaze. (How polite to the public!) Then remarking a deprecatory shake of the head, she changed her note: “One of their dear old favourites would be quite as welcome—would it not, ladies?”

“Never could remember a line of poetry in my life,” said the great man.

“Oh!—Oh!” *cawed* the complaisant chorus of adorers.

“He is so absent!” observed Mrs. Jenkins in a loud apart, with

a triumphant smile. And then resuming her attack: "What not that dear little poem of yours:

"Tender tears of the dew steeped rose!"

"It is not mine that I know of," said he.

"Well, your muse's if not yours," suggested a lady who thought herself a *bel esprit*.

Not a word of it can I repeat," said the poetical lion.

"O you naughty man!" cried Mrs. Jenkins, "we must do to you what is done to little birds who can sing, and won't sing."

"Now don't go on so," interrupted the poet.

"I admire his familiar expressions," said a lady to the note-taking gentleman—"they show such an unsophisticated mind."

"Poetry in an undress," observed one who wished to be thought an utterer of smart sayings.

"Go, my dear Horace Theophilus," said Mrs. Jenkins to her hopeful, aged seven, who had been allowed to sit up for that night only, to see how a celebrated takes his tea, and performs the whole duty of enduring a party—"go to my boudoir and fetch Mr. Brown's volume of poems. (Exit Hopeful.) You see I've given my boy a poetical name, as he may turn out a genius," added the fond mother to the great guest.

"Will this do, ma?" said Master Horace Theophilus, coming back with Soyer's cookery book."

"O you unpoetical soul!" cried Mrs. Jenkins; "go again, child, and fetch the volume bound in morroco, lying on the lacquered table between sprigs of myrtle and laurel, and under a wreath of everlasting flowers."

"The little fellow prefers the substantial to the ideal, seemingly," said the wit.

At last the right volume was brought, when guided by a marker of pink ribbon, Mrs. Jenkins opened it at the poem in question, and presented it to the great man.

"Never could read a line of poetry in all my born days," said he.

A deprecatory "Oh!" from Mrs. Jenkins.

"Fact, 'pon my word."

"Then try now,—oh, do!" persisted Mrs. Jenkins.

"Well, if you wish me to make a fool of myself," said Mr. Brown; "though, as we're not playing at forfeits, I don't see the fun of it."

"How versatile his genius is," said a lady who wore long curls, to look inspired, because she inserted anonymous verses in the poet's corner of an obscure magazine—"who could have thought so sentimental a poet could have been so witty?"

The great man then began to read in the tone of a school-boy hurrying through an unwelcome task, winding up, after gabbling through the thirty lines composing the poem, with this gross blunder:

"And thus the rose is ever doomed to sleep."

"Oh now, to think of your marring that beautiful line by saying 'sleep' instead of 'weep!'" cried Mrs. Jenkins, half vexed with her hero

"Weep—is it?" said he, "well! I don't know—I think sleep does every bit as well."

"As old Lablache used to say in the character of Campanone, *poisson ou poison* is the same thing," cried the wit.

"Oh!" protested the inspired lady, "how can you shatter your own shrine, and break your own idols?—ought *we* poets to profane our chosen temple in such a manner?"

"I'm not a poet, ma'am, as I've said fifty times in the course of the evening," said the lion shaking his mane.

"If you are not," cried the enthusiastic Mrs. Jenkins, "what are you?"

"An agent for Guinness's stout," replied the hero of the evening.

Mrs. Jenkins turned as red as fire. "Do you mean to say, sir, that you are not Mr. Brown?"

"That's my name, ma'am," said the young man, "and the proof is that my intimate friends call me Brown Stout, on account of my profession. Do you take?"

"Did you or did you not write these poems?" cried the angry lady holding up the book with the air of an offended sibyl.

You might have heard a pin drop, so general was the silence, while all eyes were rivetted, with a sarcastic expression on the ex-great man, and his hostess.

"Then sir, how did you dare to come here?" said the lady.

"Because on waiting for orders, this morning, on Mr. Brown, the writer," answered the young man, "he gave me this, saying it was something more in my line than his, and that I should oblige by saving him the bother of going."

So saying, he handed her the pink tinted note, containing the invitation to Mr. Brown, which she had obtained to have laid before the great Poet, through the obliging efforts of a friend, who had a friend, who knew a gentleman, whose cousin knew the poetical Brown.

"I see," said Mrs. Jenkins, trying to hide her vexation—"the confusion of names! He is *so* absent!"

"Decidedly absent this evening," said the wit.

Then followed an awkward pause. Mrs. Jenkins being a widow, a male friend volunteered the remark, that, after what had taken place, if Mr. Brown had the true feelings of a gentleman, there was only one line of conduct to be pursued.

Mr. Brown took the hint with a very good grace, declaring that having come only to oblige his namesake, who was such a capital customer, he was quite willing to retire, adding that he hoped if Mrs Jenkins wanted anything in his line, she would give him a turn.

"One word sir," said the note-taking gentleman, elbowing his way through the crowd, "does the great poet drink such large quantities of stout?"

"*Rayther*," said his namesake.

"Can you furnish me with the exact statistical return of the number of bottles he consumes per month?" asked the indiscreet chronicler.

"I never tell tales out of school," said the agent—"but perhaps you'll allow me to furnish you with a few samples of his favourite article?"

Mrs Jenkins first stepped as far as the door, and whispered as she bowed him out: "you shall have my custom—if you'll only save me the next note Mr. Brown writes you—for my album."

"All right, ma'am!" and exit Mr. Brown's double, whom I could not help pitying for being sent away supperless, though everybody now declared he was a vulgar fellow, unsaying all their encomiums on his intellectual forehead and so forth.

The party fell flat, and broke up early, and the guests went away agreeing that Mrs. Jenkins ought another time to follow Mrs. Glasse's instructions to the letter, and "first catch her hare" (read poet) before she served him up to her friends.

The Lady's Literary Circular :

A REVIEW OF BOOKS CHIEFLY WRITTEN BY WOMEN.

MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES. (London, Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.)

THERE are very many persons who, from want of opportunity, perhaps also of inclination, do not receive the softening influences of charity which the scenes of distress awaken whenever the Samaritans of society visit the places of refuge of struggling poverty and crime. To set out in wintry or any weather to walk through the miserable quarters of a City or to follow out industriously cases of poignant domestic suffering carefully hidden from the public eye, demands an amount of time and energy of character which only a few philanthropists possess. When, therefore the novelist sets down as did Mrs. Wood to write such a story as "Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles," and by the force of genius commands the idle and thoughtless novel reader to follow her through the harrowing scenes of distress which lacerate the human heart and stir up pity in the bosoms of the most callous, then is the cause of charity well served, and society is debtor to the writer who has accomplished such a feat.

Not for *pleasure* will any one read through "Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles." Although virtue and justice triumph, the struggle is painful, the bitterness of the conflict terrible, the strain upon the sympathies continuous, and the lessons taught hard to learn. Nevertheless, even the light hearted must read on, the mind has to be yielded up to chapter after chapter, and, as hinted at the commencement of this notice, the reader that has perforce gone through the book, will feel that in having *suffered*, so to speak, through its perusal, that like real suffering does, the affections have been chastened and the heart purified in reading the story of "Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles."

A brief outline of the plot will show the story does not appeal to the lighter emotions of life. Mrs. Halliburton is a hard working clergyman's daughter, and is married to a college professor, who through delicacy of constitution is compelled to throw up an independence in London and seek a living in a healthy country town. The scenes in which the good and affectionate husband and father learns his life is imperilled, are harrowing in the intensity of their domestic emotions; they are not overdrawn, but then none of the minute arrows which quiver in a sensitive heart are omitted; all the attendant circumstances of such a position bite, with serpent's tooth, into the poor father's courage as he finally

leaves his comfortable appointment in London and departs for the cathedral town which looks out upon the pleasant Malvern Hills. To aggravate Mr. Halliburton's weakness of constitution the journey, on the outside of a coach proves calamitous. He gets wet to the skin, a three months' illness from rheumatic fever follows; and at last from disease and anxiety the brave struggling man dies, leaving his wife and four children free from debt but without means of future support. Up to this point Mrs. Halliburton's troubles had been many and poignant, but now she is encompassed with them. Destitute of all but a hope in the Father of the Fatherless the brave widow struggles on, and by events which are continuously fortunate but not improbable, the good clever boys she had prayerfully taught and educated advance from one position to another until the family becomes honourably wealthy and happy.

All this time, a second story, interwoven with the above, progresses, and shows another family that had all the worldly advantages which the Halliburtons lacked, sinking by crime and selfishness into degradation and poverty. Mr. Anthony Dare was the successful and principal solicitor of the cathedral town, and his wife the cousin of Mrs. Halliburton. Mrs. Dare has left to her by will the fortune of her uncle, Mr. Richard Cooper, who, however, on his death-bed had summoned his niece, and, failing time to make a second will by which *half* of his £8000 would go justly to his nephew, charges Mrs. Dare in the most solemn terms to give her cousin the £4000. Had she done so the early death of the anxious husband and the many after troubles of Mrs. Halliburton would, probably, have never happened; but as the dying *request* was not in the *will*, the Dares put off the payment for a time, and finally, from living expensively, are unable to make it. And as none other but Mr. and Mrs. Dare have a knowledge of these matters their position remains. Retribution comes with years. Extravagant and wilful sons, shallow and fashionable daughters, become the Nemesis of the solicitor and his wife, and as the Halliburtons rise, the Dares sink lower and lower until the story is completed by the poetical justice which distributes the prizes in the end to the deserving.

In accounting for the success of Mrs. Wood as an authoress we find, whilst her stories are carefully constructed, her strength lies in pre-Raphaelite minuteness in description of events and character. We live in the houses and with the people of her narrative, and the events of each chapter seem like the actual events we have proved rather than read about.

"Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles" appeared in the second and third volumes of the "*Quiver*," has been reprinted in the novel form, of which large editions at a high price have been sold, but we prefer to refer to it in its original place—the pages of a valuable penny Serial, the two volumes of which, beside this exciting tale, include the "Footsteps of the Prince of Wales through the Holy Land," and various essays and contributions which recommend them to every thoughtful household.

THE WANDERINGS OF A BEAUTY. By MRS. EDWIN JAMES. (Routledge & Co.)

THE fiat of Reviewers will have little effect on the reading of this book. Its title and authoress at once piqued the curiosity of the public, and, whatever, may be said, that public will gratify its curiosity, particularly as the volume belongs to the Railway Library and may be bought for a shilling. If Sir John Dean Paul, Mr. William Roupell, late M.P., or other characters of similar notoriety write, the public will read their curiosities of literature; and, although "The Wanderings of a Beauty" has not for its theme the adventures of a criminal, but of a superlatively pretty, sentimental and tantalizing heiress, the same class of readers as would read "Roupell's Confessions," will take up Mrs. James's book.

Doubtless the ex-M.P. for Marylebone has often paraphrased the old quotation and said: "Would that my wife would write a book;" and certainly, in doing so, matter has been afforded him for cynicism which otherwise might have been concealed, at least from that public which has not a personal acquaintance with Mrs. Edwin James. Whether the characters in the work are, or are not, intended to be portraits, we little care and may leave club gossips and continental circles to determine. Of the *book*, and the authoress as a *woman* we have but to speak, and in doing so our words must be the plainest possible. The volume is detestably silly, and just as detestably morbid and disgraceful in having been written by a fashionable lady. The story is of that hybrid sort, half sentimental, half religious, wholly indifferent, which, but for the adventitious circumstances of the authoress's name and position, would have caused the work to be rejected, first by a publisher, and, if printed by private expense, by readers generally. The career of the "Beauty" is soon told. She is an heiress; her mother marries a second time, and falls under the influence of her husband, who intrigues to marry his step-daughter to a sottish officer in order to get part of the heiress's fortune. In a few years the husband drinks himself to death, and Evelyn Travers, the heroine, is again free. Next she wanders about the Continent from city to city, a rich and unprotected widow, making conquests everywhere by her beauty and—a licence of manner which is anything but English. Whilst abroad she is visited by an English Colonel, who is, by the bye, as innocent and sentimental as the youngest cornet; but from a misunderstanding, arising through Evelyn's flirtations with a Royal Highness, the Colonel leaves for India without any definite engagement being made. Next, the young widow captivates a good natured Italian Duke, who is always wanting to marry her; and as the Colonel is killed in India, there appears no reason why such a sensible arrangement does not take place. The widow, however, goes to Paris, keeping the Duke as one string to her bow, but in the gay French capital a hero—spirit medium American, a wonderful genius and generally a monster of goodness—subdues the volatile beauty. To make this man, D'Arcy, all the more interesting, he

has loved and lost a beautiful girl, Lilian, who balances the English Colonel whom Evelyn had loved and lost. The spirits of these former loves complaisantly appear and unanimously command the widow and American to love each other: this piece of complaisance to present wishes exceeds any former instance within our knowledge. Strange to say, however, the interpretation of the spirits' wishes is not done correctly ("to err is *human*"?) and D'Arcy chooses instead of the widow, the widow's daughter. To heighten these extravagances, D'Arcy falls ill and *dies*; that is to say, several doctors leave him for dead, but when Evelyn, in her sorrow and passion, clasps to her heart the clay cold body, and kisses the icy lips, she infuses her *spirit life* into the inanimate D'Arcy, who becomes again a living man. But Evelyn in restoring life nearly exhausted her own, for she has an illness that nearly brings her to death's door. On recovery, she learns D'Arcy has taken a fancy to her daughter, *contrary* to the spiritual behests of the "lost loves." Sir Percy Montgomery then renews his acquaintanceship, and in a very short time the English Baronet marries the widow. Sir Percy and Mr. Edwin James are supposed to be the same individual, and certainly the character in the book is hateful and brutal enough to have been drawn by a divorced wife. The elderly couple go to New York, quarrel always, hate each other, and get released, as Sir Percy is found to have a "first wife" shut up in a mad-house. The American hero, D'Arcy, becomes a general in the Federal army, but neither the "Beauty" nor her daughter marry him—and yet this volume is filled with semi-religious reflections, abounds in sentiment, is very glibly written, and bears internal evidence of two hands—the one a clever writer, the other weak, foolish, and the reverse of an example to English womanhood.

Our Orchestra Stall.

THEATRES.

THE several houses, still open, have continued attractive, without novelties, during April and the early part of May; the farces of "*Tomkin's Trial*," at the Adelphi, and of the "*Little Sentinel*," at the St. James's theatres being trifles that do not call for observation.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

A new Opera was brought out here on Thursday, the 7th of May. It is called "*Niccolo de' Lapi*," is in four acts, and adapted from a novel by the Marquis d'Azeglio. The subject is tragic and historical, and the action takes place in the sixteenth century, during the siege of Florence.

The hero *Niccolo* is Chief of the Republic and a patriot merchant, such as mediæval Italian history furnishes numerous examples. The intrigues of the political parties, royalist and republican, supply the incidents of the Libretto, which has little connected interest. Such personal emotion as there is, is made up of the rivalry of two women characters, the one *Selvaggia*, a royalist, but enamoured of the republican chief's adopted son, *Lamberto*, who is betrothed to *Niccolo's* own daughter, *Landomia*, whom he marries. The nuptial festivities between these two form the first Act during which the slighted royalist beauty forms her machinations to separate the happy couple. The second act shows the republican citizens triumphant and elated at one time with the news of a victory without the walls, and next, in consternation when the real issue of the battle is found to be defeat and that the victorious royalists are approaching the city. *Niccolo* harranges and encourages the alarmed Florentines, but nevertheless the republicans are attacked successfully and the assembly taken prisoners; this result, with others, being brought about by a traitor, *Troilo*. In the third act *Selvaggia*, who throughout is disguised as a warrior, has the opportunity of meeting *Lamberto*, now a prisoner and in her power, which she mercifully exercises and frees the man she loved and his friends; whilst *Troilo* the traitor meets a just doom and is thrust through a trap door, the other side of which is his fate in the shape of a deep well. The fourth and last act is taken up with the details of the execution, leave-taking, etc., of *Niccolo* the chief republican and last patriot martyr to Florentine liberty. As will be seen, the Opera is one of military spectacle, pomp, noise and circumstance of glorious war, and, as might be expected, the *brass music* predominates above the sweeter sounds of peace. The acting by Mr. Santley as *Niccolo*, Signor Guignoli as the lover *Lamberto*, Madlle. Titiens as the woman-hero *Selvaggia*, Madlle. Trebelli as *Landomia*, was of the highest excellence, and the scenery and stage appointments magnificent. Nevertheless, an Opera lives or dies by its music, and this latest attempt of Signor Schira has not won public approval from the critical audiences whose ears are accustomed to the masterpieces represented at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Current History of Literary and Scientific Events.

APRIL 1ST.—WEDNESDAY.

Geological Society.—Mr. J. Ferguson read a communication "On the recent changes in the Delta of the Ganges."

Memorial Cross to Prince Albert.—Mr. G. G. Scott will erect a Gothic Cross to the Memory of the Prince Consort at a cost of about £100,000. It is now a year ago that we advocated this form for the memorial in "*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle*," and the design and proportions of the one now decisively chosen, after the abandonment of Obelisk and Temple, are likely to give more universal satisfaction than at one time seemed possible, as public opinion, after many fluctuations, has set at last towards Mr. Scott's Gothic Christian Cross.

APRIL 2D.—THURSDAY.

Copyright in Engravings.—Mr. Gambart obtained £100 damages against Mr. Selater of Canterbury, the latter having *photographed* and sold copies of Mr. Gambart's engraving "The Light of the World."

APRIL 3D.—FRIDAY.

Dante's Divina Commedia has been, for the first time, translated into English by a lady, Mrs. Ramsay, in the original Metre and Rhyme.

APRIL 4TH.—SATURDAY.

Royal General Theatrical Fund.—Eighteenth Anniversary Festival; Charles Dickens, chairman. The Society's Report is a satisfactory one.

OBITUARY.—Died, in his 75th year, John Howell, at Edinburgh. An eccentric and most ingenious man, he was the inventor of the bookbinder's *plough* and author of "War Gallies of the Ancients," "Journal of a Soldier of the 71st," the "Life of John Nicoll," the "Life of Selkirk," and of tales and essays which enlivened the periodicals of his day.

APRIL 5TH.—SUNDAY.

APRIL 6TH.—MONDAY.

National Portrait Gallery.—Re-opened with the following additions to its collection, which now includes 159 works. Dr. Wolcott, by Lethbridge; also Bishop Horsley, by the same artist. A bust-portrait of Charles II., by Mrs. Beale; General Monk, Lord Chesterfield, and Richardson the novelist, by Highmore; Sir Richard Steele and Bishop Burnet, by Riley.

Entomological Society.—Amongst other papers a letter was read giving an account of the successful attempts of the South Australian exploring party under Stuart to cross the northwest coast of the Continent.

APRIL 7TH.—TUESDAY.

Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.—Commencement of season. The list of artistes commences with the name of Madlle. Adelina Patti, and includes Mesdames Didié, Rudersdorff, Tagliafico, and Miolan-Carvalho; Mario, Tamberlik,

Neri-Baraldi, Ronconi, Faure, Graziani, Formes, Tagliacico, and others. Mr. Costa is the Director and Conductor as usual; and as an Opera Staff includes a *Poet*, we give the name of *Signor Maggioni*. The subscription nights are forty in number, for which boxes (for four persons) cost from 100 up to 240 guineas.

Anthropological Society.—Paper read 'On the smallest Human Brain on record,' followed by Professor Owen's observations on the same.

OBITUARY.—Died, in his 81st year, the Venerable. H. K. Bonney, D.D., Rector of Coningsby, Prebend of Lincoln and Archdeacon of Bedford, author of "The Life of Jeremy Taylor," "Memoirs of the Life of Dr. Middleton, Bishop of Calcutta," etc.

APRIL 8TH.—WEDNESDAY.

South Kensington Museum.—The "Bull, Cow, and Calf" picture, by James Ward, recently bought for £1500, for the nation, is placed here. Of all pictures this should have gone to the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. The dividing of such Art-Treasures cannot but give dissatisfaction to the public.

British Archaeological Association.—Photographs exhibited of ruins in Lanarkshire. This application of photography will be found of the highest utility. Amongst other papers read was one by the Rev. Mr. Hartshorne, "On Queen Eleanor's Cross at Northampton."

APRIL 9TH.—THURSDAY.

Education, Science, and Art.—The Estimates for this year amount to £1,386,417.

Forbidden Pulpits.—The Right Rev. Dr. Colenso, Bishop of Natal, at this time in England, is prohibited from preaching in several dioceses; but the *Book* and the *Platform* are left to him, and by the one or on the other the argument will have to be decided. This theological controversy has now entered on a phase which can only pass away in bitterness and dissatisfaction.

APRIL 10TH.—FRIDAY.

New Theatres.—Mr. Boucicault attended Lambeth Police Court to complain of Placards having been fixed about London, on which particulars were given relative to the commercial value of theatrical property, in order to deter the public from taking shares in the new company with which Mr. Boucicault is connected. The public, however, judges for itself, and has decided on the undertaking being legitimately a good one by subscribing for the shares. The placards were anonymous, and the effect intended will recoil on the vested theatrical interests which prompted their issue.

Astronomical Society.—The papers read showed the mean distance of the earth from the sun to be three millions of miles less than hitherto accepted. The calculations which obtain this result are of great value, as testifying to the accuracy of modern astronomical observation in different countries. Other papers made this meeting one of superlative interest.

Archæological Institute.—Papers read on excavations at Wroxeter, Beaulieu Abbey, and at Beau Desert in Staffordshire, all of which have yielded reward to the antiquary's labours.

APRIL 11TH.—SATURDAY.

Royal Botanic Society, Regent's Park.—Exhibition of Azaleas, Hyacinths, etc.

APRIL 12TH.—SUNDAY.

APRIL 13TH.—MONDAY.

National Gallery.—Portrait of a tailor by Moroni; portrait of Andrea del Sarto, by himself; "St. Jerome Reading in his Study," by Bellini; an altar piece, by Crivelli; "The Death of Procris," by Cosimo; an altar piece, by Lanini; and

two portraits, by Lorenzo Lotto, have recently been purchased, and will shortly be placed.

OBITUARY.—Died, in his 57th year, the Right Hon. Sir George Cornwall Lewis, Secretary of State for War. A most distinguished politician, he was also eminent for his scholarly authorship; the works from his pen being highly esteemed by thoughtful readers, but having usually recondite subjects they have not made his name generally popular as an author. "Ancient Astronomy," "Government," "Education," etc., "Formation of Languages," etc., and "Classical Legends," were some of his themes.

APRIL 14TH.—TUESDAY.

Fossil Man.—Letter from Mr. W. B. Carpenter at Abbeville to the "Athenæum" attracts public attention to the discovery there in some gravel pits of the half of a lower human jaw-bone in which a tooth remained. In such a position it was evidence of the existence of man in far more remote eras than hitherto supposed. European geologists were put on the *qui vive*; their excitement rose to the highest scientific calm-level—when, the tooth was put to the test of being sawn asunder, an experiment which demonstrated to all the initiated the fact that the same tooth was undoubtedly of comparatively recent date. The story reads like the anecdote in Pickwick. The antiquarian had but found what *had been put* for him to find.

Ethnological Society.—Paper read on "The Antiquity of Man," about which there is now a controversy current, remarkable for the learning of those engaged in it.

APRIL 15TH.—WEDNESDAY.

South Kensington Museum.—Private view of the wedding presents to the Prince and Princess of Wales; opened to the public to-morrow.

Society of Arts.—Paper read "On the Sewing Machine: its History and Progress." "On the New Art of Auto-Typography," by Mr. Wallis. The exhibition of the latter last year at the International Building attracted much notice.

OBITUARY.—Died, Mr. James Rogers, comedian, well known for the parts that have, of late years, provoked laughter at the Strand theatre. Very recently he had entered the St. James's company and played on the night previous to his death in the farce of "Effie Deans." He was yet a young man, but for years past had been in a bad state of health.

APRIL 16TH.—THURSDAY.

Royal Society.—Paper read by Dr. W. B. Carpenter "On the Fossil Human Jaw-bone" recently discovered at Abbeville.

Numismatic Society.—Exhibition of coins recently found, and papers read concerning them; one being "On the Short Cross Pennies."

APRIL 17TH.—FRIDAY.

Crome of Norwich.—The picture of this esteemed painter, called "Mousehold Heath," and which delighted the visitors to the Great Exhibition, has been bought for the National Gallery for £420.

Goethe's House at Frankfurt, in which he was born (1749), is being restored; that is, made like it then was, where possible.

APRIL 18TH.—SATURDAY.

St. Denis.—This Cathedral Church near Paris, the Westminster Abbey of France, is to be entirely restored, by command of the Emperor.

OBITUARY.—Died, at Florence, in his 79th year, Amici, Professor of Astronomy at Florence, a member of several European Societies.

APRIL 19TH.—SUNDAY.

APRIL 20TH.—MONDAY.

Institute of Water-Colour Painters. Female Artists' Society.—Opening of both these Exhibitions.

Asiatic Society.—Mr. J. C. Marshman read a paper "On the Extent, Construction, and Cost of Railways in India."

APRIL 21ST.—TUESDAY.

Scientific Institutions in Dublin.—The report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the working of these, to which public money is granted, recommend the abolishment of the "Museum of Irish Industry," that the collections be transferred to other Societies, and the Professorships of Geology and Botany incorporated with the Royal Dublin Society,

Institution of Civil Engineers.—Mr. Hawkshaw read "Account of the Works constructed in consequence of the failure of the St. Germain's Sluice of the Middle Level Drainage."

Zoological Society.—Amongst other papers read were: "On a New Species of Stag from Siam," "An exemplification of the manner in which birds might convey seeds to great distances, in the soil attached to partridges and other birds' feet"—and a List of New Birds, collected by Captain Speke in Eastern Africa.

APRIL 22D.—WEDNESDAY.

Royal Society of Literature.—Annual General Meeting.

Martin Luther.—A "Find" has been made at Weimar of the Reformer's correspondence, and the publication of the letters will take place under the authority of the Keeper of the Records.

British Archaeological Society.—The discovery of a large Roman Villa at Ealing Farm, Berkshire, announced.

APRIL 23D.—THURSDAY.

The Weather.—The Annual Report made to the President of the Board of Trade, by Admiral Fitzroy, states that the maritime population manifest continued interest and confidence in the *Forecasts* published daily, and these have been, it is affirmed, not unfrequently of real service; sufficiently so to maintain the present arrangements.

Society of Antiquaries.—Anniversary Meeting. Earl Stanhope re-elected president. The Prince of Wales placed on the Society's list, by consent, in the room of the Prince Consort.

APRIL 24TH.—FRIDAY.

Royal School of Mines.—Commencement of Ten Weekly Lectures "On Physiology," by Professor Huxley. Fee for the course, 5s.

French Plays.—The drama of the "Duke's Motto" which has run at the *Lyceum* since January last, has been brought out in another version at the Pavilion theatre, and appears as a tale in a *Halfpenny* periodical.

APRIL 25TH.—SATURDAY.

Royal Botanic Society, Regent's Park.—Third and last Spring Exhibition.

The Mirror.—A Weekly Newspaper and Review, first published—brought out by Messrs. Strahan, the successful publishers of "Good Words," etc. The aim is to furnish an historical record of current events worthily written and with greater care than is commonly shown in Newspaper Reports—Price 6d. Shrewd men of business often make great mistakes and the present undertaking is likely to be a costly one. "Public Opinion" is already well established, sells for 2d., and is conducted on a plan which leaves nothing to desire—excepting minute details, and they are *only to be had* in a file of the *daily Press*.

APRIL 26TH.—SUNDAY.

APRIL 27TH.—MONDAY.

Royal School of Mines.—Commencement of Ten Weekly Lectures "On Chemistry," by Dr. Hoffman. Fee for course, 5s.

Society of Painters in Water Colours.—Opening of Annual Exhibition. This Society has been commonly called the "Old," to distinguish it from the one founded later; but as that is this year called "The Institute of Water Colour Painters," the prefix of old will no longer be necessary in conversation.

Shakespearian Relics.—The indefatigable Mr. J. O. Halliwell has discovered and published in the "Athenæum" a highly interesting document, in the Inventory of Anne Hathaway's Cottage in the year 1624. A few such mirrors of the past will show us Shakespeare more distinctly than we have yet seen him.

Geographical Society.—Papers read: "Exploration of Elephant Mountain," by Captain Burton; "Travels in Equatorial Africa," by Mr. Winwood Reade; and a Letter relative to the Dutch Ladies on an expedition up the White Nile.

APRIL 28TH.—TUESDAY.

Art Union of London.—Annual General Meeting held at the New Theatre Adelphi. The Council's Report shows the Society is popular and successful.

Charing Cross Bridge.—Paper read by Mr. Hayter, on this wonderful structure, at the "Institution of Civil Engineers."

APRIL 29TH.—WEDNESDAY.

Royal School of Mines.—Commencement of Ten Weekly Evening Lectures, "On Heat considered as a Mode of Motion," by Professor Tyndall. Fee for course, 5s.

The Ghost, which for some weeks past has haunted the *Polytechnic* Institution in Regent Street, is now using its special powers of appearing in two places at the same moment of time; or, in others words, similar means are now employed, in a Drama at the Britannia theatre, to produce the greatest of optical illusions. Such means are easily understood and worked; nevertheless, the astonishment of an audience will always be great when shadows take the semblance of reality. In future, stage ghosts will do more than glide; they will *walk, sit, move,* and do what a real person acting with them does; and although the ghost will not be able to *talk*, a ventriloquist may do so for him and so complete the effect.

APRIL 30TH.—THURSDAY.

Record Office.—A Parliamentary grant of £20,000 will be devoted to building a wing, which will include a reading and writing room for the use of those consulting the documents.

Royal Society.—Paper read on "Spectrum Analysis," by Mr. J. P. Cassiot.

SHAKESPEARIAN MUSEUM.

A temporary Shakespearian Museum, to contain old editions of the Poet's works, or any tracts or relics illustrative of them, has been formed at Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. Halliwell is actively engaged in collecting for this object, and he will be glad either to receive as presents for the Museum, or to purchase, any articles suitable to be preserved there. Persons owning any Shakespeariana, would much oblige by communicating with "J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq., No. 6 St. Mary's Place, West Brompton, London, S.W."

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